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The Confessions of a Conjurer

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Li Hung Chang's visiting-card

LI HUNG CHANG—Peacemaker

Some New Stories of His Life

By Frank G. Carpenter

Li Hung Chang in 1900. This photograph was presented by His Excellency to Mr. Carpenter this summer

THE negotiations between China and the Powers will probably be made through Earl Li Hung Chang. There is no abler Chinaman than he, and none who so well understands how to handle the foreigner in matters of state. The ordinary Chinese official fights shy of the Westerner. He despises him, speaks of him as a devil, or a barbarian, and receives him with a mental protest. He does not invite him to his house. One of our most eminent Ministers to Peking told me that he had never been invited to a private social function by a high Chinese official, and that this was the case with the representatives of the other Powers. He said that most of the officials deemed themselves above the Ministers.

Li Hung Chang was different. He came into contact with foreigners at the very beginning of his career when, by means of the American, Frederick Ward, and the Englishman, Chinese Gordon, he was able to put down the Taiping Rebellion. Since then he has used foreigners as the rungs of the political ladder up which he has gradually climbed to the highest positions in the gift of the Emperor. Like a gigantic spider he has always had his parlor open to the Western fly, and when the latter has been enticed to enter he has sucked him dry of everything that would benefit China or himself. Tourists, bankers, merchants, manufacturers and engineers have been tempted into the parlor upon the promise of prospective gain. They have given up their knowledge and sorrowfully departed.

Indeed the ability of Earl Li as an information extractor has become a matter of world-wide comment. He asks questions as though he were the master and his caller his slave.

The Newest Thing in Interviewing

I have had a number of long conversations with him at different times during the past twelve years, and can speak from personal experience. When I first asked our Consul at Tien-Tsin to arrange an audience that I might interview the Viceroy for certain American newspapers, he replied: "Interview Li Hung Chang! You might as well try to interview the Czar of Russia. Li will receive you, but it will be he who will do the interviewing. He will put question after question, so that your whole time will be taken up in the answers."

Thus forewarned, I determined to tack a question on to my every answer. I did so and the scheme worked like a charm. I adopted the same method in other chats with him, and have always been rewarded by striking expressions on matters public and personal. He is a pleasant man to interview. His intellect responds to the least suggestion. He likes compliments, and can take a joke as well as make one.

The personal questions of Earl Li attracted much attention during his tour around the world. He always asks a guest his business, how old he is and how much money he is making. When he questioned my age, I answered, but asked at once as to his, and then by complimenting him on his youth, got him to tell me much about his health and habits. This was in an audience he gave me at Tien-Tsin in 1894. He was then seventy-three years of age, and retained the vigor of his prime. He is now in his eightieth year, and he still maintains a high degree of strength. I met him in his viceregal palace at Canton a few weeks ago, and in a two-hours' chat discovered no signs of mental failure.

The talk at Tien-Tsin was arranged for me by Sir Lo Feng-Luh, who was then Earl Li's confidential interpreter, and who is now the Chinese Minister to Great Britain. Sir Lo speaks English fluently; he is the prince of interpreters. Earl Li Hung Chang was in a jolly mood and chatted delightfully about his health and habits. He attributed his strength to temperance in diet and regularity of work. Said he:

The Viceroy's Secret of Long Life

"You are right in thinking I have good health. I am doing a great deal of work now and expect to keep it up for years to come. I plan my work systematically. I never worry, and I sleep well. In your country the people say man should divide the day into three parts: eight hours to work, eight to exercise, and eight to sleep. I sleep five hours and work twelve."

"How about exercise, Your Excellency?" I asked.

"I walk daily in one of the courts of my yamun and limit my exercise to a fixed number of steps. I find that it requires about five thousand paces to keep my body in good condition." (This at three feet to the step would be almost three miles daily.)

At another place in the interview I asked as to his diet. The Viceroy replied:

"I never overload my stomach. I know by experience what agrees with me, and I eat nothing else. The foreign doctors tell me I ought to eat more meat, but I believe in vegetables, and have plenty of them. I find a mixed diet—half Chinese, half foreign—is the best. I think beef extracts are good and take them daily. I am fond of rice congee, and eat much bird's-nest soup and shark's fins. I don't believe in wine, and my drink is chiefly tea."

In this same interview Earl Li gave me to understand that the motto of China from then on would be, "China for the Chinese." He said the statesmen were already experimenting in modern manufacturing, and that extensive cotton factories would soon be built. Said he:

"The Chinaman is the equal of any man in the world as a worker. He is industrious and economical and enduring. We will eventually have our own factories, and you will find our goods in all the world's markets."

In another of our conversations he predicted that China would soon be covered with railroads as with a net; and a few weeks ago he told me the new railroads now building would pay well. He was not backward in expressing his opinion of the United States, and several times uttered bitter sentences against our exclusion and ill-treatment of his people.

Speaking of the Viceroy's bluntness recalls a story I recently heard at Shanghai of a conversation he had with Rear-Admiral McNair. Li Hung Chang had stopped at Shanghai on his way to Russia. Some of our men-of-war were in the harbor, and the Rear-Admiral in command of the squadron had called to pay his respects. The moment he was introduced Earl Li began to put his questions, all of which were direct, and many, in the estimation of the American Admiral, impertinent.

He wanted to know all about the American Navy, how many ships we had in Asiatic waters, their armament, their speed, and their capacity in other ways. When he found that one of the ships had just come from Korea he asked again and again as to the situation there. It was at a time when the Powers were as yet unsettled as to Korean matters, when China, Russia and Japan were watching each other with straining eyes, and when it would have been more polite to have left the subject unbroached. At least this was the way Admiral McNair considered it. He turned Li's questions twice or thrice, and then emphatically said:

"Your Excellency has, I understand, telegraphic communication with Korea. You have your confidential agents there, and if you are desirous to know any further about matters in that country I would suggest that you use the wires."

Such a reply would have stopped the questions of any other man. It did not do so with Li Hung Chang. He merely changed the subject back to the American Navy and asked:

"I understand, sir, that you are an Admiral in the United States Navy. Nevertheless, I see that your wife is at the hotel here. Is it not against the rules of your Navy Department for the wives of officers to follow their husbands?"

"Your Excellency," returned the American Admiral with a freezing and dignified bow, "on my ship I am supreme. Off of it, my wife is supreme." This ended the interview.

The Old Earl's Encounter with the Fanatic

I recently visited Shimonoseki, where the treaty was made at the close of the Chinese-Japanese war. Then, as now, Li Hung Chang was the chief actor on the part of China and it was through him that his country secured such favorable terms of peace. Earl Li came to Japan in great state. Two steamers were required to carry his retinue. He had hundreds of servants in gorgeous livery, clad in silks and satins. He carried his own cooks, and even his kitchen utensils. He brought a suite of fine furniture upholstered in satin, and he had, it is said, a costly coffin stored away in the hold of one of the ships, that his remains might be properly carried back to China if he died while the negotiations were pending.

At Shimonoseki he was given a house by the Japanese, and while there he was as great a curiosity as the Mikado himself. He received in state, and when he went out through the town it was in a satin-covered sedan chair with glass doors, which was carried on the shoulders of men.

It was during one of these rides that a fanatical Japanese drew a pistol from his gown and shot Li in the face. The ball struck the left cheek-bone and lodged there. A photograph recently made by the X-ray process shows that it is still in the bone.

Few people have ever realized the bravery and nerve which Li Hung Chang exhibited at that time. After he was shot his son would not permit the doctors to probe for the bullet until a telegram had been received from Peking. He refused to do so on the ground that Earl Li was the representative of the Emperor, and that he did not dare to put his life into the hands of the foreign doctors without orders from Peking. These came at last, and the doctors were allowed to use their instruments. They dug about in Li's cheek but could not find the bullet. They jabbed into his cheek-bone in several places with their probes, now and then saying that the probe was on the bullet, but Li replied that they were digging into the bone and not the lead. It was finally decided to sew up the hole and let the bullet remain. This was done, and owing to Earl Li's excellent constitution the wound rapidly healed. A slight scar remains.

The attempted assassination did more for China in its treaty with Japan than Li could possibly have accomplished in any other way. The Japanese officials were mortified at the act. The Mikado was greatly annoyed, and ordered the arrest of the would-be assassin. According to Japanese law, the man could not be executed, as the murder was not accomplished. He was, however, taken to the Island of Yezo, and I heard it whispered in Japan that he was there starved to death. At any rate, he has not been heard of since he was taken away. The same fate is supposed to have been meted out to the Japanese who assaulted the Crown Prince of Russia during his stay in Japan.

How One Loses Face in China

I once asked General John W. Foster, who was the foreign adviser of the Chinese in the making of the treaty, whether Li Hung Chang blamed the Japanese Government with his attempted assassination. General Foster replied that he did not, and that he considered it the action of a fanatic. He told me the Japanese used every effort to honor Earl Li from that time until the close of the negotiations. They offered him all kinds of presents, but he would accept only those having no value.

"Li Hung Chang," said General Foster, "feared that the shot might lessen his reputation in the eyes of the Chinese people. He was afraid he might 'lose face,' as the Chinese say. I told him that he ought to be proud of the shot, and that he had gained face instead of losing it. 'Your wound,' said I, 'was received in the service of your country, and you should consider it an honorable one.'"

This matter of losing face is a very important one in China. It comes into all relations of life to such an extent that the ordinary Chinaman will do anything to save his reputation. The greatest regard is paid to appearances. Take, for instance, a story I heard the other day of how an English missionary lost face with Earl Li. It was while the latter was taking his trip around the world. He was on a steamer, sailing through the Indian Ocean, and during the stay at one of the ports he saw on the deck of the ship a missionary whom he had known at Tien-Tsin. He was glad to see a home face, and asked the man what he was doing in that part of the world. The missionary replied that he was going home and had been traveling on the same steamer with him.

"But how is that?" said Li; "I have not seen you."

"I am in the second class," replied the missionary, "and we are not allowed upon this deck except when in port."

"And do you mean to say," returned Li Hung Chang, "that the great Church of England which you represent does not allow you enough money to travel first class?"

"My church allows me enough," said the missionary, "but this is cheaper, and I have more money for other things."

"Humph!" grunted Li. He then turned away and would have nothing more to do with the man.

In this matter of losing face Li Hung Chang has had numerous experiences, but his extraordinary ability has always resulted in his getting more honors than he has lost. During the Chinese-Japanese war some one had to be punished for the Chinese defeats, and for this reason the yellow jacket of Earl Li was taken away. It was given back when he was sent to Shimonoseki, and to it was added the even greater distinction of the right to wear the three-eyed peacock feather in the back of his hat. These decorations he wears upon state occasions. I saw him with them on at one of his receptions in Tien-Tsin. The Chinese gentleman, you know, keeps his hat on in the house; and as Li received his guests he wore a hat shaped somewhat like a bowl, with a great button on its crown. Fastened there under this button and sticking far out behind the hat was the three-eyed peacock feather which only princes and nobles of the highest degree are permitted to wear. He also had on his yellow jacket. This was of the finest satin, embroidered on the breast and back with circles in which were double dragons. Under his jacket was a gown of satin, below which showed out boots of black broadcloth with soles of white wood an inch thick.

Earl Li has received many things of commercial value from the Imperial family. Not long ago, as I see from the Peking Gazette, the Emperor gave him sixteen pieces of costly satin, while the Empress Dowager sent him a robe of sable fur composed entirely of the throat skins of the animals. Such skins are much esteemed in China, for they can only be worn by the special permission of the Throne.

The matter of presents is an important one in Earl Li's income. I happened to be in China at the time of his seventieth birthday. His presents upon that occasion were valued at more than a million dollars. He received cartloads of silk, a ton or so of fine china, and a great deal of valuable jewelry, and even money itself.

One of the under officials, being anxious to curry favor with Earl Li, planned to give him $20,000 in gold. As the story goes, he did not dare to send the money through the ordinary channels, and therefore concealed it in some wine jars and sent them as a present to the Viceroy. The jars were labeled wine, and as such they had to pass through the hands of one of the inspectors of custom, a man by no means friendly to Li Hung Chang. As he saw the address he suspected something, and he opened the jars and discovered the gold.

"Ah!" said he as he looked down; "this wine is too fine for the Viceroy. It is only fit for the Emperor himself." He thereupon confiscated the gift and sent it to Peking.

One occasion when Li Hung Chang was overloaded with presents was at the wedding of his daughter in 1888. I was then in Tien-Tsin and was allowed to see the wedding gifts. They filled three rooms and were of every description. There were quantities of jade and precious stones, great bales of furs, of silks, satins and velvets, and among other things a carpet of the gaudiest description.

Li Hung Chang is, I judge, a good husband and father. He has several wives, but his favorite was his first wife, who was living at the time this wedding took place, but who has since passed away. According to the gossip then afloat, she was much opposed to the marriage, and it was whispered that she had read the Viceroy a curtain lecture when he announced to her that he was about to give their daughter to Chang Pei-Lun. Madame Li said that Chang was twenty years the older, and that his rank was not high enough to associate with the noble family of the Lis. To this Earl Li replied that Chang was a man of ability, and that he would see that he got an office, closing with the prediction that he would eventually become an even greater man than himself. "If that is so," replied Madame Li, who, though she dictated to the Viceroy, really admired him, "he will have to be the Emperor himself, for there is now no greater man in China than my husband."

Li Hung Chang's children have all received Western educations. His sons speak English fluently. They have official positions and are men of ability.

One of the brightest of the Viceroy's boys was his youngest, Lord Li Ching Mai, who was taught English by Professor C. D. Tenney, now the head of the Chinese College at Tien-Tsin. Shortly after the accession of President Cleveland a new American Consul called upon the Viceroy, and while there Li Ching Mai, then a boy of seventeen, came in. The Viceroy introduced him to our Consul, and the young Chinaman began a conversation in English. The Consul listened for a moment and then burst out in surprise:

"Why, my boy, you talk the English language elegant!"

Lord Li, when he next met Professor Tenney, referred to this remark and asked him if it were proper English. Professor Tenney, who, as a good American, could not bring the American Consul into disrepute, answered that they had dialects in the United States just as they have in China, and that the above expression was a peculiar form which came from the home of the Consul, Kentucky.

Li Hung Chang has a great admiration for high scholarship. He is one of the most learned men of the Empire, not only along foreign lines, but in Chinese studies as well. His father, although poor, was noted for his learning, and Li came to the front through his own high standing at the official examinations. Before he secured an office he had passed three public examinations. This means that he was thrice among the two hundred successful men out of about fifteen thousand competitors. At his last examination, which was at Peking, he received the highest degree of the whole fifteen thousand.

The Lane that Had No Turning

By Gilbert Parker

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FOURTH CHAPTER—MADELINETTE MAKES A DISCOVERY

THE Fête of St. Jean Baptiste was over. The day had been successful, more successful, indeed, than any within the memory of the inhabitants; for the English and French soldiers joined in the festivities without any intrusion of racial spirit, but in the very essence and soul of good-fellowship. The General had called at the Manor, had paid his respects to the Seigneur who received him abstractedly if not coolly, but Madelinette had captured his imagination and his sympathies. He was fond of music for an Englishman, and with a ravishing charm she sang for him a bergeret of the eighteenth century and then a ballad of Shakespeare's set to her own music. She was so anxious that St. Jean Baptiste's Day should pass off without one untoward incident that she would have resorted to any fair device to attain the desired end. The General could help her by his influence and instructions, and if the soldiers—regulars and militia—joined in the celebrations harmoniously and with good will, a long step would be made toward undoing the harm that Louis had done and maybe influencing him toward a saner, wiser view of things. He had changed much since the fateful day when he had forced George Fournel to fight him; had grown more silent, and had turned gray. His eyes had become by turns watchful and suspicious, gloomy and abstracted; and his speech knew the same variations. Now bitter and cynical, now sad and distant, and all the time his eyes seemed to grow darker and his face paler. But however moody and variable and irascible he might be with others, however unappeasable, with Madelinette he struggled to be gentle, and his petulance gave way under her touch and the intangible persuasiveness of her words and will, which had the effect of command. Under this influence he had prepared the words which he was to deliver at the Fête. They were full of veneration for past traditions, but were not at variance with a proper loyalty to the flag under which they lived, and if the English soldiery met the speech with genial appreciation the day might end in a blessing—and surely blessings were overdue in Madelinette's life in Pontiac!

It had been as she worked for and desired, thanks to herself and the English General's sympathetic help. Perhaps his love of music made him better understand what she wanted, made him even forgiving of the Seigneur's strained manner; but certain it is that the day, begun with uneasiness on the part of the people of Pontiac, who felt themselves under serveillance, ended in great good-feeling and harmless revelry; and it was also certain that the Seigneur's speech gained him an applause that surprised him and momentarily appeased his heart vanity. The General gave him a guard of honor of the French militia in keeping with his position as Seigneur, and this, with Madelinette's presence at his elbow, restrained him in his speech when he would have broken from the restraints of propriety in the intoxication of his eager eloquence. But he spoke with moderation, standing under the British flag on the platform, and at the last he said:

"A flag not our own floats over us now, guarantees us against the malice of the world and assures us in our laws and religion, but there is another flag which in our tearful memories is as dear to us now as it was at Carillon and Levis. It is the flag of memory—of language and of race, the emblem of our past upon our hearthstones; and the great power that rules us does not deny us reverence to it. Seeing it, we see the history of our race from Charlemagne to this day, and we have a pride in that history which England does not rebuke, a pride which is just and right. It is fitting that we should have a day of commemoration. Far off in France burns the light our fathers saw and were glad. And we in Pontiac have a link that binds us to the old home. We have ever given her proud remembrance; we now give her art and song!"

With these words, and turning to his wife, he ended, and cries of "Madame Madelinette! Madame Madelinette!" were heard everywhere. Even the English soldiers cheered, and Madelinette sang *À la Claire Fontaine*, three verses in French and one in English, and the whole valley rang with the refrain sung at the topmost pitch by five thousand voices:

"I'y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

The day of pleasure done and dusk settled on Pontiac and on the encampment of soldiers in the valley, a light still burned in the library at the Manor House long after midnight. Madelinette had gone to bed; but, excited by the events of the day, she could not sleep, and had gone down to the library to read. But her mind wandered still, and she sat mechanically looking before her at a picture of the father of the late Seigneur, which was let into the moulding of the oak wall. As she looked abstractedly and yet with the intensity of the preoccupied mind, her eye became aware of a little piece of wood let into the moulding of the frame. The light of the hanging lamp was full on it.

This irregularity began to perplex her eye. Presently it intruded on her reverie. Still busy with her thoughts, she knelt upon the table beneath the picture and pressed the irregular piece of wood. A spring gave, the picture came slowly away from the frame and disclosed a small cupboard behind.

In this cupboard were a few books, an old silver-handled pistol and a packet. Madelinette's reverie was broken now. She was face to face with discovery and mystery. Her heart stood still with fear. After an instant of suspense she took out the packet and held it to the light. She gave a smothered cry.

It was the will of the late Seigneur.

—the picture came slowly away from the frame and disclosed a small cupboard behind

FIFTH CHAPTER—WHAT WILL SHE DO WITH IT?

GEORGE FOURNEL was the heir to the Seigneury of Pontiac, not Louis Racine. There it was in the will of M. De la Rivière, duly signed and attested.

Madelinette's heart stood still. Louis was no longer—indeed never had been—Seigneur of Pontiac, and they had no right there, had never had any right there. They must leave this place which was to Louis the fetish of his soul, the small compensation Fate had made him for the trouble Nature had cynically laid upon him. He had clung to it as a drowning man clings to a spar. To him it was the charter

Editor's Note—The Lane that Had No Turning began in The Saturday Evening Post of September 29.

from which he could appeal to the world, as the husband of Madelinette Lajeunesse. To him it was the name, the dignity and the fortune he brought her. It was the one thing that saved him from a dire humiliation; it was the vantage ground from which he appealed to her respect, the flaming testimony of his own self-esteem. Every hour since his trouble had come upon him, since Madelinette's great fame had come to her, he had protested to himself that it was honor for honor; and every day he had labored, sometimes how fantastically, how futilely! to dignify his position, to enhance his importance in her eyes. She had understood it all, had read him to the last letter in the alphabet of his mind and heart. She had realized the consternation of the people, and she knew that, for her sake, and because the Curé had commanded, all the obsolete claims he had made were responded to by the people. Certainly he had affected them by his eloquence and his fiery kindness, but at the same time they had shrewdly smelt the treason underneath his ardor; there was a definite limit to their loyalty to him; and, deprived of the Seigneury, he would count for nothing.

A hundred thoughts like these went through her mind as she stood by the table under the hanging lamp, her face white as the loose robe she wore, her eyes hot and staring, her figure rigid as stone.

To-morrow—how could she face to-morrow, and Louis! How could she tell him this! How could she say to him: "Louis, you are no longer Seigneur. The man you hate, he who is your inveterate enemy, who has every reason to exact from you the last tribute of humiliation, is Seigneur here!" How could she face the despair of the man whose life was one inward fever, one long illusion, which was yet only half an illusion, since he was forever tortured by suspicion; whose body was wearing itself out and spirit was destroying itself in the struggle of a vexed imagination!

She knew that Louis' years were numbered. She knew that this blow would break him body and soul. He could never survive the humiliation. His sensitiveness was a disease, his pride was the only thing that kept him going; his love of her, strong as it was, would be drowned in an imagined shame!

It was midnight. She was alone with this secret, she held the paper in her hand, which was at once Louis' sentence or his charter of liberty. A candle was at her hand, the doors were shut, the blinds drawn, the house a frozen silence—how cold she was, though it was the deep of summer! She shivered from head to foot, and yet all day the harvest sun had drenched the room in its heat.

Yet her blood might run warm again, her cold cheeks might regain their color, her heart beat quietly, if this paper were no more! The thought made her shrink away from herself, as it were, yet she caught up the candle and lighted it.

For Louis! For Louis, though she would rather have died than do it for herself! To save to Louis what was, to his imagination, the one claim he had upon her respect and the world's. After all, how little was it in value or in dignity! How little she cared for it! One year of her voice could earn two such Seigneuries as this. And the honor—save that it was Pontiac, it was naught to her. In all her life she had never done or said a dishonorable thing. She had never lied, she had never deceived, she had never done aught that might not have been written down and published to all the world. Yet here, all at once, she was faced with a vast temptation to do a deed, the penalty of which was worse than death.

What injury would it do to George Fournel! He was used now to his disappointment; he was rich; he had no claims upon Pontiac; there was no one but himself to whom it mattered, this little Seigneury. What he did not know did not exist, so far as himself was concerned. How easily could it all be made right some day! She felt as though she were suffocating, and she opened the window a little very softly. Then she lit the candle tremblingly, watched the flame gather strength, and opened out the will. As she did so, however, the smell of a buckwheat field, which is as honey, came stealing through the room, and all at once a strange association of ideas flashed into her brain.

She recalled one summer day long ago, when, in the church of St. Saviour's, the smell of the buckwheat fields came through the open doors and windows, and her mind had kept repeating mechanically, till she fell asleep, the text of the Curé's sermon: As ye sow, so also shall ye reap.

That placid hour which had no problems, no cares, no fears, no penalties in view, which was filled with the richness of a blessed harvest and the plenitude of innocent youth, came back on her now in the moment of her fierce temptation.

She folded up the paper slowly, a sob came in her throat, she blew out the candle, and put the will back in the cupboard. The faint click of the spring as she closed the panel seemed terribly loud to her. She started and looked timorously around. The blood came back to her face—she flushed crimson with guilt. Then she turned out the lighted lamp and crept away up the stairs to her room.

She paused beside Louis' bed. He was moving restlessly in his sleep, he was murmuring her name. With a breaking sigh she crept into bed slowly and lay like one who had been beaten, bruised and shamed.

At last, before the dawn, she fell asleep. She dreamed that she was in prison and that George Fournel was her jailer.

She waked to find Louis at her bedside.

"I am holding my Seigneurial court to-day," he said.

SIXTH CHAPTER—THE ONE WHO SAW

ALL day and every day Madelinette's mind kept fastening itself upon one theme, kept turning to one spot. In her dreams she saw the hanging lamp, the moving panel, the little cupboard, the fatal paper. Waking and restlessly busy, she sometimes forgot it for a moment, but remembrance would come back with painful force, and her will must govern her hurt spirit into quiet resolution. She had such a sense of humiliation as though some one dear to her had committed a crime against herself. Two persons were in her—Madelinette Lajeunesse, the daughter of the village blacksmith, brought up in the peaceful discipline of her religion, shunning falsehood and dishonor with a simple, proud self-respect; and Madame Racine, the great singer, who had touched at last the heart of things, and, with the knowledge, had thrown aside past principles and convictions to save her stricken husband from misery and humiliation—to save his health, his mind, his life maybe.

The struggle of conscience and expediency, of principle and womanliness wore upon her, taking away the color from her cheeks, but spiritualizing her face, giving the large, black eyes an expression of rare intensity, so that the Avocat in his admiration called her Madonna, and the Curé came oftener to the Manor House with a fear in his heart that all was not well. Yet he was met by her cheerful smile, by her quiet sense of humor, by the touching yet not demonstrative devotion of the wife to the husband, and a varying and impulsive adoration of the wife by the husband. One day when the Curé was with the Seigneur, Madelinette entered upon them. Her face was pale though composed, yet her eyes had a look of abstraction or detachment. The Curé's face brightened at her approach. She wore a simple white gown with a bunch of roses at the belt, and a broad hat lined with red that shaded her face and gave it a warmth it did not possess.

"Dear Madame!" said the Curé, rising to his feet and coming toward her.

"I have told you before that I will have nothing but 'Madelinette,' dear Curé," she replied with a smile and gave him her hand. She turned to Louis, who had risen also, and putting a hand on his arm pressed him gently into his chair, then, with a swift, almost casual, caress of his hair, placed on the table the basket of flowers she was carrying, and began to arrange them.

"Dear Louis," she said presently, and as though *en passant*, "I have dismissed Tardif to-day—I hope you won't mind these domestic details, dear Curé," she added.

The Curé nodded and turned his head toward the window musingly. He was thinking that she had done a wise thing in dismissing Tardif, for the man had evil qualities, and he was hoping that he would leave the parish now.

The Seigneur nodded. "Then he will go. I have dismissed him—I have a temper—many times, but he never went. It is foolish to dismiss a man in a temper. He thinks you do not mean it. But our Madelinette there"—he turned toward the Curé now—"she is never in a temper, and every one always knows she means what she says, and she says it as even as a clock." Then the egoist in him added: "I have power and imagination and the faculty for great things; but Madelinette has serene judgment—a tribute to you, Curé, who taught her in the old days."

"In any case, Tardif is going," she repeated quietly.

"What did he do?" said the Seigneur. "What was your grievance, beautiful Madame?"

He was looking at her with unfeigned admiration; with just such a look as was in his face that first day they met in the Avocat's house on his arrival in Pontiac. She turned and saw it, and remembered. The scene flashed before her mind. The thought of herself then, with the flush of a sunrise love suddenly rising in her heart, roused a torrent of feeling now, and it required every bit of strength she had to prevent her bursting into a passion of tears. In imagination she saw him there, a straight, slim, handsome figure with the very vanity of proud health upon him and ambition and passionate purpose in every line of his figure, every glance of his eyes. Now—there he was bent, frail and thin, with restless eyes and deep discontent in voice and manner; the curved shoulder and the head grown suddenly old; the only thing speaking of the past, the graceful hand, filled with the illusory courage of a declining vitality. But for the nervous force in him, the latent vitality which renewed with stubborn persistence the failing forces, he was dead. The brain kept commanding the body back to life and manhood daily.

"What did Tardif do?" the Seigneur again questioned, holding out a hand to her.

She did not dare take his hand lest her feelings should overcome her; so with an assumed gayety she put in it a rose from her basket, and said:

"He has been pilfering. Also, he was insolent. I suppose he could not help remembering that I lived at the smithy once—the dear smithy!" she added softly.

"I will go at once and pay the scoundrel his wages," said the Seigneur, rising, and with a nod to the Curé and his wife opened the door.

"Do not see him yourself, Louis," said Madelinette.

"Not I. Havel shall pay him and he shall take himself off to-morrow morning."

The door closed, and Madelinette was left alone with the Curé. She came to him and said with a quivering in her voice:

"He mocked Louis!"

"It is well that he should go. He is a bad man and a bad servant. I know him too well."

"You see, he keeps saying"—she spoke very slowly—"that he witnessed a will the Seigneur made in favor of Monsieur Fournel. He thinks us interlopers, I suppose."

The Curé put a hand on hers gently. "There was a time when I felt that Monsieur Fournel was the legal heir to the Seigneury, for Monsieur De la Rivière had told me there was such a will; but since then I have changed my mind. Your husband is the natural heir, and it is only just that the Seigneury should go on in the direct line. It is best."

"Even with all Louis' mistakes?"

"Even with them. You have set them right, and you will keep him within the bounds of wisdom and prudence. You are his guardian angel, Madelinette."

She looked up at him with a pensive smile and a glance of gratitude.

"But suppose that will—if there is one—exists, see how false our position!"

"Do you think it is mere accident that the will has never been found—if it was not destroyed by the Seigneur himself before he died! No, there is purpose behind it, with which neither you nor I nor Louis have anything to do. Ah, it is good to have you here in this Seigneury, my child! What you give us will return to you a thousandfold. Do not regret the world and your work there. You will go back all too soon."

She was about to reply when the Seigneur again entered the room.

"I made up my mind that he should go at once, and so I've sent him word—the rat!"

"I will leave you two to be drowned in the depths of your own intelligence," said Madelinette, and, taking her empty basket, left the room.

A strange compelling feeling drove her to the library where the fatal panel was. With a strange sense that her wrongdoing was modified by the fact, she had left the will where she had found it. She had a superstition that Fate would deal less harshly with her if she did. It was not her way to temporize. She had concealed the discovery of the will with an unswerving determination. It was for Louis, it was for his peace, for the ease of his fading life, and she had no repentance. Yet there it was, that curious, useless concession to old prejudices, the little touch of hypocrisy—she left the will where she had found it. She had never looked at it since, no matter how great the temptation, and sometimes this was overpowering.

To-day it overpowered her. The house was very still and the blinds were drawn to shut out the heat, but the soft din of the locusts came through the windows. Her household were all engaged elsewhere. She shut the doors of the little room, and kneeling on the table touched the spring. The panel came back and disclosed the cupboard. There lay the will. She took it up and opened it. Her eyes went dim on the instant, and she leaned her forehead against the wall, sick at heart.

As she did so a sudden gust of wind drove in the blind of the window. She started, but saw what it was, and, hastily putting the will back, closed the panel and, with a fast-beating heart, left the room.

Late that evening she found a letter on the library table addressed to herself. It ran:

> "You've shipped me off like dirt. You'll be shipped off, Madame, double-quick. I've got what'll bring the right owner here. You'll soon hear from TARDIF."

In terror she hastened to the library and sprung the panel. The will was gone. Tardif had been outside when the wind blew in the blind. He had seen the kneeling figure and the open panel; had suspected, had bided a convenient time, opened the cupboard and taken the will.

He was now on his way to George Fournel.

SEVENTH CHAPTER—THE PURSUIT

THERE was but one thing to do. She must go straight to George Fournel at Quebec. She knew only too well that Tardif was speeding thither as fast as horses could carry him. He had had several hours' start, but there was still a chance of overtaking him. And suppose she overtook him? She could not decide definitely what she should do, but she would do anything, sacrifice anything, to secure again that fatal document which, in George Fournel's hands, must bring a collapse worse than death. A dozen plans flashed before her, and now that her mind was set upon the thing, compunction would not stay her. She had gone so far, she was prepared to go farther to save this Seigneury to Louis. She put in her pocket the silver-handled pistol from the fatal cupboard.

In an hour from the time she found the note the horses and coach were at the door, and the faithful Havel, cloaked and armed, was ready for the journey. A note to Louis, with the excuse of a sudden and important call to Quebec, which he was to construe into business concerning her profession; hurried yet careful arrangements for his comfort during her absence; a letter to the Curé begging of him a daily visit to the Manor House; and then with the flurried Madame Marie she entered the coach with Havel on the box, and they were off.

The coach rattled through the village and stopped for a moment at the smithy. A few words of cheerful good-by to her father—she carried the spring in her face, and the summer of gayety in her face, however sore her heart was—and they were once more upon the road.

Their first stage was twenty-five miles, and it led through the ravine where Parpon and his comrades had once sought to frighten George Fournel. As they passed the place Madelinette shuddered, and she remembered Fournel's cynical face as he left the smithy two years ago. She felt that it would not easily soften to mercy nor look upon her trouble with a human eye if once the will were in his hands. It was a silent journey, but Madame Marie asked no questions, and there was comfort in her unspoken sympathy.

Five hours, and at midnight they arrived at the end of the first stage of their journey, at the village inn of St. Stanislaus. Here Madame Marie urged Madelinette to stay and sleep, but this she refused to do if horses could be got to go forward. The sight of two gold pieces made the thing possible in the landlord's eyes, and Madame Marie urged no more, but found some refreshment, of which she gently insisted that Madelinette should partake. In another hour from their arrival they were on the road again, with the knowledge that Tardif had changed horses and gone forward four hours before, boasting as he went that when the bombshell he was carrying should burst the country would stay awake o' nights for a year.

Madelinette herself had made the inquiries of the landlord, whose easily bought obsequiousness now knew no bounds, and he gave a letter to Havel to hand to his cousin the landlord at the next change which, he said, would be sure to secure them the best of accommodation and good horses.

As the night grew to morning Madelinette drooped a little, and Madame Marie, who had, to her own anger and disgust, slept three hours or more, quietly drew Madelinette toward her. With a little sob the girl—for what was she but a girl!—let her head drop on the old woman's shoulder, and fell into a troubled sleep, which lasted till, in the flush of sunrise, they drew up at the solitary inn on the outskirts of the village of Beaugard. They had come fifty miles since the evening before.

Here Madelinette took Havel into her confidence, in so far as to tell him that Tardif had stolen a valuable paper from her, the loss of which might bring serious consequences.

Whatever Havel had suspected he was the last man in the world to show or tell. But before leaving the Manor House of Pontiac he had armed himself with pistols, in the grim hope that he might be required to use them. Havel had been used hard in the world. Madelinette had been kind to him, and he was ready to show his gratitude; and he little recked what form it might take. When he found that they were following Tardif, and for what purpose, an evil joy filled his heart, and he determined on revenge—so long delayed—on the scoundrel who had sought to turn the whole parish against him. He saw that his pistols were duly primed and ready, he learned that Tardif had passed but two hours before, boasting again that Europe would have gossip for a year, once he reached Quebec. Tardif, too, had paid liberally for his refreshment and his horses, for here he had taken a carriage, and had swaggered like a trooper in a conquered country.

Havel had every hope of overtaking Tardif, and so he told Madelinette, adding that he would secure the paper for her at any cost. She did not quite know what Havel meant, but she read purpose in his eye, and when Havel said, "I won't say 'Stop thief' many times," she turned away without speaking—she was choked with anxiety. Yet she had the silver-handled pistol in her pocket!

It was true that Tardif was a thief, but she knew that his theft would be counted a virtue before the world. This she could not tell Havel, but when the critical moment came—if it did come—she would then act upon the moment's inspiration. If Tardif were a thief, what was she! But this she could not tell Havel or the world. Even as she thought it for this thousandth time, her face flushed deeply, and a mist came before her eyes. But she hardened her heart and gave orders to proceed as soon as the horses were ready. After a hasty breakfast they were again on their way, and reached the third stage of their journey by eleven o'clock. Tardif had passed two hours before.

So for two days they traveled, with no sleep save what they could catch as the coach rolled on. They were delayed three hours at one inn because of the trouble in getting horses, since it appeared that Tardif had taken the only available pair in the place; but a few gold pieces brought another pair galloping from a farm two miles away, and they were again on the road. Fifty miles to go, and Tardif with three hours start of them! Unless he had an accident there was faint chance of overtaking him, for at this stage he had taken to the saddle again. As time had gone on and the distance between them and Quebec had decreased, Madelinette had grown paler and stiller. Yet she was considerate of Madame Marie, insisted on Havel lying down for two hours, and herself made him a strengthening bowl of soup at the kitchen fire of the inn. Meanwhile she inquired whether it might be possible to get four horses at the next change, and she offered five gold pieces to a man who would ride on ahead of them and secure the team.

Some magic seemed to bring her the accomplishment of the impossible, for even as she made the offer, and the downcast looks of the landlord were assuring her that her request was futile, there was the rattle of hoofs without, and a petty government official rode up. He had come a journey of three miles only, and his horse was fresh. Agitated, yet ruling herself to composure, Madelinette approached him and made her proposal to him. He was suspicious, as became a petty government official, and replied sullenly. She offered him money—before the landlord unhappily—and his refusal was now unnecessarily bitter. She turned away sadly, but Madame Marie had been roused by the official's churlishness, and for once the placid little body spoke in that vulgar tongue which needs no interpretation. She asked the fellow if he knew to whom he had been impolite, to whom he had refused a kindly act——

"You—you a habitant road-watcher, a pound-keeper, a village tax-collector, or something less!" she said. "You to refuse the great singer Madelinette Lajeunesse, the wife of the Seigneur of Pontiac, the greatest patriot in the land, to refuse her whom princes were glad to serve!——" she stopped and gasped her indignation.

A hundred speeches and a hundred pounds could not have done so much. The habitant official stared in blank amazement, the landlord took a glass of brandy to steady himself.

"The Lajeunesse—the Lajeunesse, the singer of all the world—nh, why did she not say so then!" said the churl. "What would I not do for her! Money—no, it is nothing, but the Lajeunesse, I would give my horse to hear her sing."

"Tell her she can have M'sieu's horse," said the landlord excitedly interposing.

"*Tiens*, who the devil!—the horse is mine. If Madame—if she will but let me offer it to her myself!" said the agitated official. "I sing myself. I know what singing is. I have sung in an opera—a sentinel in armor I was. Ah, but bring me to her, and you shall see what I will do, by grace of Heaven! I will marry you, if you haven't a husband," he added with ardor to the dumfounded Madame Marie, who hurried to the adjoining room.

An instant afterward the official was making an oration in tangled sentences which brought him a grateful smile and a hand-clasp from Madelinette. She could not prevent him from kissing her hand, she could not refrain from laughing when outside the room he tried to kiss Madame Marie. She was astounded, however, an hour later to see him still at the inn door, marching up and down, a whip in his hand. She looked at him reproachfully, indignantly.

"Why are you not on the way?" she asked.

"Your man, that M'sieu' Havel, has ridden on; I am to drive," he said. "Ah, yes, Madame, it is my everlasting honor that I am to drive you. Havel has a good horse, the horse has a good rider, you have a good servant in me. I, Madame, have a good mistress in you—I am content. I am overjoyed, I am proud, I am ready, I, Pierre Laplerre!"

The churlish official had gone back to the natural state of an excitable habitant, ready to give away his heart or lose his head at an instant's notice, the temptation being sufficient. Madelinette was frightened. She knew well why Havel had ridden on ahead without her permission, and shaking hands with the landlord and getting into the coach she said hastily to her new coachman: "Lose not an instant. Drive hard."

They reached the next change by noon, and here they found four horses awaiting them. Tardif and Havel also had come and gone. An hour's rest, and they were away again upon the last stage of the journey. They should reach Quebec soon after dusk, all being well. At first Lapierre the official had been inclined to babble, but at last he relieved his mind by interjections only. He kept shaking his head wisely, as though debating on great problems, and he drove his horses with a masterhand—he had once been a coach driver on the long river-road which in summer makes a narrow ribbon of white, mile for mile, with the St. Lawrence from east to west. This was the proudest moment of his life. He knew great things were at stake, and they had to do with the famous singer Lajeunesse; and what tales for his grandchildren in years to come!

The flushed and comfortable Madame Marie sat upright in the coach, holding the hand of her mistress, and Madelinette grew paler as the miles diminished between her and Quebec. Yet she was quiet and unmoving, now and then saying an encouraging word to Lapierre, who smacked his lips for miles afterward, and took out of his horses their strength and paces by masterly degrees. So that when, at last, on the hill, they saw, far off, the spires of Quebec, the team was swinging as steadily on as though they had not come twenty-five miles already. This was a moment of pride for Lapierre, but of apprehension for Madelinette. At the last two inns on the road she had got news of both Tardif and Havel. Tardif had had the final start of half an hour. A half-hour's start, and fifteen miles to go! But one thing was sure, Havel, the wiry Havel, was the better man, with sounder nerve and a fostered strength.

Yet as they descended the hill and plunged into the wild wooded valley, untenanted and uncivilized, where the road wound and curved among giant boulders and twisted through ravines and gorges, her heart fell within her. Evening was at hand, and in the thick forest the shadows were heavy and night was settling upon them before its time.

They had not gone a mile, however, when, as they swung creaking around a great boulder, Lapierre pulled up his horses with a loud exclamation, for almost under his horses' feet lay a man apparently dead, his horse dead beside him.

It was Havel. In an instant Madelinette and Madame Marie were bending over him. The widow of the Little Chemist had skill and presence of mind.

"He is not dead, dear mine," she said in a low voice, feeling Havel's heart.

"Thank God!" was all that Madelinette could say. "Let us lift him into the coach." Now Lapierre was standing beside them, the reins in his hand.

"Leave that to me!" he said, and passed the reins into Madame Marie's hands; then with muttered imprecations on persons unmentioned he lifted up the slight form of Havel, and carried him to the coach. Meanwhile Madelinette had stooped to a little stream at the side of the road, and filled her silver drinking cup with water.

As she bent over Havel and sprinkled his face, Lapierre examined the insensible man.

"He is but stunned," he said. "He will come to in a moment."

Then he went to the spot where Havel had lain, and found a pistol lying at the side of the road. Examining it, he found it had been discharged—both barrels. Rustling with importance he brought it to Madelinette, nodding and looking wise, yet half timorous, too, in sharing in so remarkable a business. Madelinette glanced at the pistol, her lips tightened and she shuddered. Havel had evidently failed, and she must face the worst. Yet now that it had come, she was none the less determined to fight on.

Havel opened his eyes and looked around in a startled way. He saw Madelinette.

"Ah, Madame, Madame, pardon! He got away. I fired twice and winged him, but he shot my horse and I fell on my head. He has got away. What time is it, Madame?" he suddenly asked. She told him. "Ah, it is too late," he added. "It happened over a half-hour ago. Unless he is badly hurt and has fallen by the way, he is now in the city. Ah, Madame, I have failed you—pardon, Madame!"

She helped him to sit up, and made a cushion of her cloak for his head in a corner of the coach. "There is nothing to ask pardon for, Havel," she said; "you did your best. It was to be—that's all. Drink the brandy now."

A moment afterward Lapierre was on the box, Madame Marie was inside, and Madelinette said to the coachman:

"Drive hard—the White Calvaire by the Church of St. Mary Magdalene!"

In another hour the coach drew up by the White Calvaire, where a soft light burned in memory of some departed soul.

The three alighted. Madelinette whispered to Havel, he got up on the box beside Lapierre, and the coach rattled away to a tavern, as the two women disappeared swiftly into the darkness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In an instant Madelinette and Madame Marie were bending over him

Odd Adventures in Queer Callings—I—The Confessions of a Conjurer

By Frank W. Thomas

NEARLY every one has seen performances in magic, but comparatively few know what interesting entertainment the audience usually furnishes to the magician himself.

The conjurer is trained to be a critical observer. He must recognize at a glance the obliging lady who will always take the right card, or the aggravating young man who will try to expose him by taking the wrong one.

To such an observer, nothing could be more interesting than a study of the various and wholly unlike ways in which different eyes see the same thing, or to note the ever recurring manifestations of that marvelous credulity in human nature which leads even our brightest people to believe in the preposterous.

Audiences of highly educated people take seriously statements which, it would almost seem, would have raised a laugh in the days of witchcraft. They even ascribe powers to the performer which he would not have dared to claim.

It would seem that most people must have a sort of conceit regarding their own shrewdness, which makes it easier for them to look upon a trick as a marvel than to admit, even to themselves, that they can be humbugged with such apparent ease. It is rather singular, but it is true, that the most difficult audience to fool is a crowd of boys, while a company of learned investigators of the phenomena of spirit rappings and slate writings would be perhaps the easiest. The boy is a bundle of healthy doubt. His eyes are wide open and he says: "Go on! You've got it in your other hand." The educated man, his eyes dimmed by the knowledge of many wonders, overlooks the fine black thread which pulls the spirit hand, and says: "Wonderful! Wonderful!" The exaggerations in which truthful people unconsciously indulge when describing tricks is a constant source of amusement to every magician. If a judge could have a conjurer's experience he would lose all faith in the value of human testimony.

One of the most astute lawyers of my acquaintance, sitting at luncheon one day, described to a mutual friend a trick which had been done for him at his office about a month before. The circumstance had slipped my memory and it was actually impossible for me to recognize the trick he was trying to describe.

So it is that we hear and read of the marvels that never happen.

The story is told by an otherwise reliable sheriff of a Michigan county, that on one occasion, when bringing a prisoner in a buggy from a near-by town, the man asked him if he had ever seen anybody climb a ball of yarn. The sheriff had not, but solemnly declares that this man thereupon took a ball of yarn out of his pocket, and, retaining the loose end in one hand, threw the ball in the air with great force, and straightway began climbing the slender strand of yarn until man and ball were lost to view. The prisoner has never returned to corroborate or deny the tale.

The Trick of the Clock Dial

This tendency to inaccurate observation is used to the utmost by every skillful conjurer or medium to enhance the effect of his tricks. An illustration which will make this clear is the trick of the suspended glass clock dial with the revolving hand, which was brought out several years ago. In this trick the performer allows several of the audience to select a card from a pack and then gives the hand, which ordinarily balances at twelve, a sharp whirl, and *while it is revolving* asks the gentleman who drew the first card what it is. The reply will be, say, a five spot. When the hand stops spinning it finally balances at five. This will be repeated three times, in each case the performer spinning the hand *before* he asks the name of the card, and the hand always finally balancing at the right number. Finally, an assistant is sent down among the audience with a dice box and tray, and some one is allowed to throw the dice, whereupon the performer says: "How many have you thrown?" The instant the reply comes the hand is spun and again points to the correct number. Now it will be noted that the last time the hand is not spun until *after* the man in the audience has named his throw, and yet to the ordinary observer it will appear that the hand is spun *first*, for that sequence of events has become firmly fixed in his mind by its having been followed in the case of each of the three cards immediately preceding the dice test. The performer, by previous manipulation, knows what cards have been drawn, and hence can spin the hand before asking the audience the names of the cards. He cannot know how the dice will be thrown, but he wishes to make it appear that he does know, or rather that the spirit clock does, and his plan is a success. A gentleman who sat with me at a performance where this trick was given, and who was quite familiar with magical methods, declared the dice were loaded, for, said he: "The hand was spun *before* the performer asked what the throw was, so he must have known in advance what the throw would be in order to spin the hand properly." Now, it really would not be safe to trust to loaded dice in this trick, nor is it necessary; but no amount of argument could convince my friend of his error. Had he not seen it with his own eyes? Humph! he was insulted.

The greatest tricks ever performed are not done at all. The audience simply think they see them. But it is an art to make them think so.

It has been related of Robert Houdin, the great French magician of early days, that so adroit was he in the manipulation of cards that he could successfully perform the trick of making a pack of cards gradually seem to grow smaller and smaller in size, until it finally disappeared; and yet he would use but the one full-sized pack of cards where most magicians would use several packs of various sizes. For every successive reduction in size, Houdin would hold the pack a little differently, assure the audience that the cards were smaller, and they would really believe it.

How to Confuse an Audience

It is a time-worn saying that the hand is quicker than the eye, but it is very wrong. It is perhaps true that the hand may be trained by constant practice to execute a complicated movement which the unaccustomed eye cannot follow perfectly at first sight, but the eye is very quick, as every magician knows only too well. A very rapid movement will usually confuse the observer, but he sees it, even if imperfectly, and his suspicions are turned in the right direction, frequently leading to detection. Perfect sleight-of-hand is deliberate, allowing the eye to follow it with apparent ease, and deceives all the more absolutely because the deception is without haste and accomplished by movements of apparent naturalness. Simply to confuse people is not so great a task, but to cover up what is done and at the same time make them see something absolutely different, and be positive about it, requires great ability, resourcefulness and tireless practice. That is why the really great magicians of all time can be named on one's fingers.

An unexpected accomplice

Ready to read any mind

The disobedient skull

Probably no one who has not studied this fascinating work appreciates the world of thought and care bestowed on the most minute details of a trick. The audience must be made to think that they have seen or examined everything, and usually there are some things which they must not see. To avoid having these things examined and yet make it appear that they have been, frequently requires the most consummate skill.

The late Alexander Herrmann was a most skillful manipulator of committees from the audience. It often seemed to me, when attending his performances, that the audience missed many of the best parts of the show. They saw him invite the committee to the stage, apparently call the attention of the members to every detail with that inimitable politeness which made him an ideal magician, and finally bow them off. I saw him lead them up to the very place where another step would mean fatal detection, and then adroitly turn them aside with a bow or a wave of the hand. To the audience, who knew not the danger, it was all easy; but to me, who realized the chances he was taking, it was a magnificent exhibition of confidence and nerve beyond even the ultimate effect of the trick itself. If a member of a committee became over-anxious to reveal the secret of some trick, one of Herrmann's favorite plans was to take the committeeman by the nose and perform the clever trick of apparently making a stream of cards pour from the man's face, and at the same time give his nose a terrible tweak.

Pure sleight-of-hand is, of course, looked upon by all intelligent people as mere trickery. But surround it with settings of mysticism, give it an air of being genuinely occult, and the great majority of deceived observers are very willing to believe in its supernatural character.

An instance from my own experience illustrates this point very well indeed.

In the winter of 1896 the League of American Wheelmen held their annual convention in the city of Baltimore. On this particular occasion the cities of Louisville and Toledo were in spirited contest for the honor of holding the next yearly meet. Each city sent a crowd of convention "rooters" in a special car to present its respective claims. Both delegations of wire pullers fitted up quite luxurious quarters in adjacent parlors on the main floor of the hotel where the official delegates made their headquarters.

The Toledo delegation, thinking to give some entertainment more novel than that offered by Louisville, conceived the idea of having a continuous sleight-of-hand performance in their parlors during the entire two days and evenings devoted to the sessions of the convention. Here the regular delegates came by ones and twos and dozens, and were entertained by magic, and while they were still under the spell, a "rooter" would pass them a cigar box with one hand, and with the other give them a jolly slap on the back and urge them to vote for Toledo.

It was here that my friend, Mr. George W. Stevens, and myself enjoyed one of our most interesting experiences as entertainers. We were dressed and made up in the likeness of two Oriental Hindu necromancers. We took the utmost pains with our make-up, and the whole party declared that we were real Hindu adepts of royal descent and of great reputation in our native country. The parlors used for the headquarters of our party were draped with Oriental hangings, the shades drawn, and the electric lights used, even through the day, to add to the genuineness of the deception.

So perfectly were the characters sustained that the Baltimore dailies devoted considerable space to conscientious descriptions of the "Native Hindu Conjurers." It was this perfect seriousness with which we were taken which led to our most interesting experiences in this place.

Aside from the delegates themselves, we were visited by many citizens of Baltimore who were believers in Oriental mysticism. The marvelous ease with which many of these people accepted the most improbable tales led to the telling of many stories that must have caused unrest to the ashes of Ananias.

Editor's Note—This is the first article in a series entitled Odd Adventures in Queer Callings. A second paper, on Confessions, by Mr. Thomas, will appear in an early number.

One old gentleman was solemnly informed by Na Saab (Mr. Stevens) that Ka Noor, his "brud," had lived in a cave in a comatose condition, with his tongue swallowed, for eight hundred years, in order to imbibe that degree of adeptness necessary to the performance of the marvels that he was capable of doing. The sight of the listener's tense interest and Na Saab's serene soberness, taken in connection with the utter preposterousness of the statement itself, was too much for me, and I was forced to retreat behind a small screen at the end of our little stage to have a quiet laugh. And it was well, for no one but Na Saab could ever have soberly faced the old gentleman when he replied in all sincerity: "Well, you know, and I know, that these things are all so; but the trouble with the American people is that they will not give the necessary study to understand them."

Several local amateurs in sleight-of-hand called, and questioned us closely in an endeavor to learn our tricks and whether or not we were really Hindus. To all such our replies would invariably be: "Canna talka Englee vera well." This, often repeated, with a look of stolid Oriental indifference, would tire the most patient investigator. Some of these amateurs, as is usual, tried to display their own knowledge by efforts to catch us. Now, if there is anything a magician does enjoy it is fooling another magician.

Fooling an Inquisitive Magician

In one card trick, which we performed a great many times during the two days, a prepared ace of spades was used. Anticipating the meddlesome amateur, each time at the conclusion of the trick I laid the deck of cards on the mantel just behind me, at the same time dropping off the prepared ace and putting the pack on top of a duplicate, though unprepared one. As this mantel was just above the eyes of the audience, this change could not be seen, the whole movement appearing like a careless dropping of the pack. One young man remained in the room until he had seen the trick performed for several sets of delegates. Finally, he worked his way up to the front and somewhat ostentatiously asked if he might see the cards. "Most assur; vera glada to showa da card to a 'Merican gentaman," said I, in my best Hindu dialect, and handed him the pack from the mantel. From the manner in which he handled the cards it was easy to see that he was a magician, and, from the remarks of bystanders, evidently of some local reputation. It was a study in human nature to watch the expression of his face change from confident exultation to final discomfiture, as one test after another proved the cards, especially the ace, to be without preparation. When he returned the deck, Na Saab said: "You a see, da Orientalla magish do everya ting a faira squara; non cheata lika da 'Merican magish." Whereat the crowd laughed, the amateur retreated, the dyed-in-the-wool believers whispered, "I told you so," and Na Saab pinched my arm on the sly.

Stories of our performances reached the women guests of the hotel, and we were requested to give them a little entertainment in their parlor. We were considerably amused to find that several of them would not touch articles passed for examination because of their having been handled by us.

We took our meals in a small private dining-room where we enjoyed no end of amusement because of the awe with which we were regarded by the colored waiters. One of them asked Na Saab if he were married. When he said, "Noa, but mya brud gotta twentya wife in Calcut," that darky's eyes fairly bulged out.

The chief clerk of the hotel came in the last day and requested a few tricks, which we did, and then told him that we could not do any more until we were given a cigar. It was handed over at once and laid on the mantel with a large number of others which we had accumulated from over-confident delegates who would insist on betting on our tricks. When they lost, away they went to get some friend to do likewise. The sold man always likes company. The chief clerk was given his extra tricks, and that last evening, after we had changed our clothes and removed our make-up, and were once more Americans, Mr. Stevens and I strolled up to the desk and I said to the clerk: "That was a very good cigar you gave me to-day." He turned to me with a cold, unrecognizing look in his eye, and replied: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I have given you no cigar." "You must excuse me, but you have," said I. "Well, I'll just bet you a good one that I have not," he retorted. "Given me a one gooda cigara," said I; and he handed it over with, "Well, I'm beat."

An experience of this kind is food for a philosopher. To be sure, there are skeptics, but the number of those who really believe is countless.

Ridiculing the Pompous Principal

Occasionally the seriousness with which even a magician's jokes are taken leads to some highly amusing scenes. During one performance, after giving a number of seriously intended tests in mind reading, I requested the audience to select some gentleman to write a short sentence of six or eight words. It was stated that after the sentence was written the gentleman should think of it, one word at a time, and look me intently in the eye, with his head kept perfectly parallel with mine, so that our thought-waves might travel in coincident lines, whereupon I would write exactly the same words upon a small stage blackboard. The gentleman selected was the principal of the public schools, and for some reason seemed to have great difficulty in making up his mind what to write. After considerable waiting, however, his sentence was completed, and he stood up and held his head parallel while I wrote rapidly on the reverse side of the blackboard, my writing being perfectly withheld from view till the last moment. He was then requested to read what he had written, and thereupon the blackboard was to be immediately turned around and the audience would be able to see for themselves that my promise to write exactly the same words had been fulfilled. He was one of those men who took himself very seriously. He still stood, and striking an imposing attitude, repeated in oratorical fashion: "Three hundred Spartans perished at Thermopylæ." After this supreme effort, his discomfiture and the merriment of the audience can well be imagined when the board was swung around and they all saw

EXACTLY THE SAME WORDS.

The use of confederates in the audience is far less common than most people suppose; in fact, the custom has been almost abandoned. And it seldom happens that the magician receives any unlooked-for assistance. As a rule, the entire audience is "agin" him. There was one instance, however, when a complete stranger, with a readiness of wit seldom found, voluntarily came to my assistance so cleverly that he has ever since had my lasting gratitude and admiration. A regular assistant could not have acted the part better than did this man, and he had not so much as a wink to suggest the idea to him. The incident happened at an informal porch party given for him and his wife by some relatives whom he was visiting. Preparatory to surprising the visitor, the host, at my suggestion, had succeeded in discovering the number of his watch for me without his knowledge. During the evening, after leading naturally up to the subject by performing a number of mind-reading tests with cards, I remarked to the visitor, who, by the way, was a doctor, and greatly interested in psychic phenomena, that as he seemed to be particularly susceptible to thought waves, it would probably be possible to perform successfully the watch number test with him. He took his watch from his pocket and thought of the number, one figure at a time, and as he thought of each figure, I named it, of course now and then missing a number, and making several trials before giving it correctly. It is not wise for a trick to appear too easy.

How an Unbeliever Was Convinced

Ordinarily, this would have been the end of the trick, but in this case another young man, who was sitting on a settee with the doctor, immediately challenged me to read the number of his watch, and very pointedly accused me of having surreptitiously obtained the other number beforehand. He was a hard-headed skeptic and did not propose to believe anything which was not proven absolutely.

The number of his watch was a total mystery to me, but no performer with a particle of the true conjuring spirit will ever give up so long as there is even a ghost of a chance left to him. It was evident that to fail to tell the number of his watch was to admit the previous trick as a deception, as well as to give him the joy of vanquishing me. My situation could not be made any more desperate, and there was one chance in nine of deceiving him with a bluff. Assuming a complacent demeanor, and looking him straight in the eye, I replied: "I will bet you ten dollars that I can tell you the first figure in the number of your watch without your even taking it out of your pocket." The perfect assurance with which this was said completely unnerved him. Well, he would not bet, he said, on another man's game, but he knew I could not do it. Now, there was nothing to do but take my chances and guess at that first figure, for to fail to make good my own boast, even after his backdown, would still have been a practical admission that I had been merely bluffing. The first figure could not be a cipher, so there was one chance in nine of success, and really more than that, for while most American watches are numbered up in the millions, few, if any, carry numbers over five or six millions. So I guessed three, a most likely average, and three it was. Such luck was almost too good to believe. But still this obdurate young man was not satisfied.

He had a keen, analytically inclined mind, and was shrewd enough to appreciate about what chances there were for me in guessing, and he immediately claimed that it was simply a lucky guess. "But," said he, "while you had one chance in ten of getting the first figure right, now that you did guess that one, according to the law of averages, there is not one chance in a thousand of your correctly guessing the second one also."

This was only too true. The situation was reaching the cold perspiration stage for me.

Just at this critical moment, the doctor, who was sitting with the young man, and with one arm behind him, and who was himself looking at the watch, slyly held up four fingers where I could see them. The remaining figures in that watch number were very easy to tell. The skeptic, still suspicious, got out coins and bills for me to tell the dates and numbers. All of which were like an open book, for the doctor always looked to see if the answer was right, and each time he looked, up went the right number of fingers for the next figure. At the close of the evening the skeptical young man drew me to one side and apologized for having at first made fun of the performance, admitting that he had finally seen it to be something marvelous. The true explanation he has never learned, and probably has convinced many others of the reality of thought waves, by describing this occurrence as it finally impressed him.

Once, before a large audience, I performed the trick of causing five half dollars, held by one man, to pass into the hands of another man who held eight. The five coins held by the one man left his hands all right, but when the other counted his he had but nine instead of thirteen. In the absence of some instantly improvised remedy the whole effect of the trick would have been lost. The trouble was afterward found to have been caused by a defect in the mechanical plate used in the trick. This plate had a false bottom, which held five extra half dollars, that were supposed to slide out unnoticed at the same time that the eight coins on the top of the plate were poured into the

(Continued on Page 18)

W'en I Gits Home

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

IT'S moughty tiahsome layin' 'roun'
Dis sorrer-laden earfly groun',
An' oftentimes I thinks, thinks I,
'Twould be a sweet t'ing des to die,
An' go 'long home.

Home whaih de frien's I loved 'll say,
"We've waited fu' you many a day.
Come hyeah an' res' yo'se'f, an' know
You's done wid sorrer an' wid woe.
Now you's at home."

W'en I gits home some blessid day,
I 'lows to th'ow my caihs erway,
An' up an' down de shinin' street,
Go singin' sof' an' low an' sweet,
W'en I gits home.

I wish de day was neah at han',
I's tiahed of dis grievin' lan',
I's tiahed of de lonely yeahs,
I want to des dry up my teahs,
An' go 'long home.

Oh, Mastah, won't you sen' de call?
My frien's is daih, my hope, my all.
I's waitin' whaih de road is rough,
I want to hyeah you say, "Enough,
Ol' man, come home!"

Money in Politics

By Colonel A. K. McClure

THE Republican National Convention of 1900 was held in Philadelphia, where the first Republican National Convention was held forty-four years ago. The first national gathering of the Republicans was held in Musical Fund Hall, without any expenditure beyond the rental of the building; but the convention of 1900 cost us $100,000 as a bonus for bringing it to the City of Brotherly Love; and those who have made careful estimate of the cost of the recent convention, to the city and to the party, figure it up to $350,000. Tens of thousands of dollars were paid for excursions, parades and other entertainments for visitors, and for a large army of attendants upon the body. Scores of prominent Republican leaders had the most palatial apartments at the leading hotels, for which each paid individually more, each day, than the cost of an entire delegation of any average State during the whole session of the Republican Convention of 1856 or of 1860.

The cost of the Republican National Committee alone at the recent Republican National Convention was estimated by Secretary Dick at $25,000, and there were certainly not less than two hundred men attending the Convention whose expenditures, now regarded as entirely legitimate in politics, fully reached or exceeded $1000 each. The cost of a single parade to give inspiration to the Republican cause was probably quite as much as the entire contributions to the Lincoln State Committee in the battle of 1860.

All of this lavish expenditure was made on the mere financial skirmish line of the great battle of 1900. Mr. Gibbs, who was assigned by Chairman Hanna as a member of the National Executive Committee for Eastern Pennsylvania, conferred with the national authorities of the party and openly reported that $600,000 was needed from and expected to be contributed to the campaign fund by the business men of Philadelphia, and it is not doubted that the money will be promptly furnished. With a sum of such magnitude called for from Philadelphia alone, what must be expected from the other great cities and industrial centres of the country, and from the fully 100,000 persons who hold lucrative offices under the Government and who must make liberal voluntary contributions or endanger their places?

In addition to the national campaign fund, that must run up into the millions, several hundred thousand dollars must be contributed, directly or indirectly, to the Pennsylvania State contest, and for Congressmen, legislators and local offices. It is a very moderate estimate that Philadelphia alone, with her factional quarrels, will spend half a million dollars in local contests alone this year—a large portion of which will be directly assessed upon the police and other city, state and national office-holders and employees.

Money is now lavishly employed not only to elect candidates but to nominate them, and the rule has become next to general that active party workers must be paid liberally in cash to assure the best results for the party. We are thus in the midst of what can be justly called a tidal wave of political profligacy and debauchery, and it is confined to no one political party.

Old Methods Compared with the New

Let us turn from the luxuriant, costly and demoralizing political methods of the present to the methods employed when the Republican party was created and great battles were fought, until it achieved victory against the fiercest opposition, and in defiance of the obloquy then attached to the name of Republican.

I came to Philadelphia as a delegate to the first National Republican Convention in 1856, and I am safe in saying that not a single attendant at that Convention had so much as a parlor at any hotel. Quite a majority of the delegates sought the cheapest hotels and boarding-houses. The two costly hotels on Chestnut Street, the Jones and the United States, were not crowded, although neither of them would have been large enough to entertain either the New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio delegations at the Convention of 1900. The entire cost of running the Convention was the rental paid for Musical Fund Hall, and not a single paid usher or officer was in attendance. Such a thing as a band was unthought of and music was left to enliven the ratification meetings.

I also attended the memorable National Republican Convention of 1860 that nominated Lincoln and Hamlin. Governor Curtin was then the nominee of the People's party of Pennsylvania for Governor. The name Republican was so odious in business and commercial circles that it could not be accepted; and the battle in Pennsylvania that gave Abraham Lincoln the Presidency was fought under the flag of the People's party. As chairman of the State Committee, charged with the responsible management of the campaign that was to decide whether Curtin should be Governor and Lincoln President, I accompanied Curtin to the Chicago Convention. The Pennsylvania quarters at Chicago consisted of a large room where most of the delegates, including Curtin and myself, slept on the floor. Thurlow Weed, who kept open house at Seward's headquarters, had a parlor, but he was about the only one who indulged in that luxury.

It was an earnest battle and the delegates were earnest men. Most of them had little money to spend, and elegant dinners and wines and excursions were unthought of. Long John Wentworth, mayor of the city, and a genial, delightful fellow, called personally upon all the delegations and told them, in his frank and blunt way, that they had the freedom of the city, and that everything went while they were there. The friends of Cameron and Chase and Bates had what were called headquarters, but they each consisted of a moderate sized room, or two connecting rooms used as sleeping apartments for from two to half a dozen in each, and hospitality rarely extended beyond an invitation to a whiskey straight. Colonel Medill, David Davis, Norman B. Judd, Leonard Sweet, and other special friends of Lincoln had their headquarters everywhere and nowhere. They were on the go night and day, and when the work of the Convention was done delegates were glad to hurry home for a comfortable bed and clean meal.

The key to the national battle of 1860 was Pennsylvania. Our State elections were then held in October and the Presidential elections in November. The three October States were Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, and Ohio was safely Republican, even if Pennsylvania faltered. It was accepted on all sides that if Pennsylvania elected Curtin Governor in October by anything approaching a decisive majority, the national battle would be irrevocably decided in favor of Lincoln. Both parties appreciated the importance of the Pennsylvania struggle, and both made exhaustive efforts to win the October election.

I had very reluctantly accepted the position of chairman of the State Committee. It was sought as the stepping-stone for political honors by a number of prominent men in the State; but Curtin assigned the task to me, and I could not decline it. I fully appreciated the responsibilities and duties that the position involved. We had no Republican party in Pennsylvania; indeed no organized party at all outside of the Democracy. We had the old-line Whig party, a somewhat active and secretly organized American party, a small Republican party composed chiefly of the radical Abolitionists of the State, and an unorganized element of Anti-Lecompton (anti-slavery) Democrats. These elements agreed only in general opposition to the policy of the Democratic party, and especially to the repeal of the Missouri compromise to extend slavery. They had harmonized on State tickets in two elections and succeeded; but they were local contests that did not involve any clearly defined national policy. They could not be harmonized under any of the titles they respectively bore, and McMichael, in the Union State Convention, dubbed them the People's party.

Thus the battle started in Pennsylvania, in 1860, really without an organized party and with very seriously discordant elements. If they could be harmonized and thoroughly united it was believed the State could be carried against the Democrats; but there were speculative elements in politics then, as now, although they were much more rare. The lines of the allies which formed the new organization were frequently and dangerously disturbed. They could readily be united in a State contest with division of honors; but a national contest went far beyond the bounds within which temporary harmony could be obtained in a local battle. There were many boisterous Abolitionists who were ever in conflict with the conservative element, and our commercial interests were, as a rule, intensely hostile to the election of a Republican President.

I came to Philadelphia about the first of June to open the headquarters of the Lincoln and Curtin party, and devoted all my time, including an average of more than half the nights, to the herculean task of organizing these discordant elements to win the State. Instead of occupying a stately mansion, as the Republican State Committee now does throughout the year, I engaged a single room, No. 9, at the Girard House as my domicile; and in view of the advantages to the hotel resulting from making it the centre for the Lincoln and Curtin people in Philadelphia, I paid only nine dollars per week for room and board, all of which, with other personal expenses, was paid out of my own pocket. Two efficient secretaries were obtained, who resided in Philadelphia, and who gave their time day and night to the cause without a farthing of compensation.

The first difficulty that confronted me was to find a place for the Lincoln-Curtin headquarters; and but for the courage and generosity of the late Doctor Jayne, I doubt if we could have found headquarters anywhere on Chestnut Street. He finally agreed to give us his entire Commonwealth Building on Chestnut Street above Sixth, excepting the first floor, for the sum of $2000.

When told it might be difficult to make our financial matters balance at the close of the campaign, he advised me to take the building and said he would not be harsh with defaulting tenants. He ended, as might have been expected, by receipting the rent account to me without payment, as he knew that the committee had no means to meet such an expense.

How Money Was Raised for Expenses

Money could not have been employed to debauch voters for the Republican cause, but it was necessary to raise a considerable sum for legitimate and absolutely necessary expenditures. The question of raising money was left almost wholly in the hands of Charles S. Ogden, an earnest and progressive Quaker, who commanded the confidence of the entire business community. He knew how to approach men to get unwilling contributions. He was aided by Thomas Webster, who was one of the most fearless and indefatigable canvassers, and whose integrity was unquestioned. All the prominent merchants supporting Lincoln could have been counted on the fingers of one hand, and bankers, as a rule, were in sympathy with trade.

The railroad corporations gave us some aid in the shape of transportation for our speakers, but none of them made cash contributions, and most of the money collected was in sums of $5, $10, $20 and $50. Curtin was poor, and as he had to bear his own expenses in the canvass of the State, he was not called upon to contribute to the committee. In the act of canvassing, "Charlie" Ogden and "Tom" Webster, as they were familiarly known, would gather in from $20 to $50 or $100 a day and thus keep the work afloat.

We had abundance of documents furnished us by the Republican Congressmen of Pennsylvania for free distribution; but we had what was then regarded as enormous printing, aggregating over $3000 during the campaign; and we were compelled at times to send small contributions to different sections of the State to aid in effecting organization.

I paid none of the speakers in that campaign for their services in Pennsylvania, with a single exception, and I could not reasonably complain of that. Carl Schurz was then, as now, not only the ablest political disputant of the country, but he was equally eloquent and persuasive in English and German, and he had to depend solely on his literary efforts for his livelihood. He was in great demand, as he was then a tower of strength among the Germans; and after a long consultation on so important and costly a venture we decided to have him give us a week and pay him for his time.

Schurz came and made the most effective speeches of the campaign. He closed his canvass in Pennsylvania in a distant part of the State, and I did not see him before he returned to his home in Wisconsin; but the financial department of the State Committee was convulsed a week or two after when a sight draft came to me from Mr. Schurz for $500. That was more than we had expected to pay, and yet we felt that it was not unreasonable. The difficulty was to pay it when we did not have the money. Our solicitors were compelled to make extra efforts at once, and the draft was paid.

For the first time in Pennsylvania the Lincoln and Curtin Committee organized the party in every election district in the State by the selection, after careful inquiry, of precinct committees, and this large force was brought into immediate correspondence and sympathy with the headquarters. I twice wrote to Thurlow Weed, the head of the Seward forces at Chicago, outlining the situation and stating the perils and prospects in Pennsylvania, but never received any answer; and when I called upon Governor Morgan, chairman of the National Republican Committee, to present the situation in Pennsylvania and obtain some aid, he received me with frigid politeness and simply said that it was impossible. Although Pennsylvania was the key to the national contest, the fact that Curtin had been largely instrumental in defeating the nomination of Seward at Chicago closed the purses of contributors in New York against us. Not one cent was contributed from New York to our party organization.

Getting Funds for Congressmen

Later in the contest, when I felt assured of the election of Curtin and the safety of the State for Lincoln, the importance of carrying a Lincoln Congress commanded the special attention of those in charge of the campaign in the several States. There were quite half a dozen of Congressional districts in Pennsylvania which were Democratic, but which, with the tide in favor of Lincoln, might be carried by special efforts.

I went to New York and called upon Moses Taylor, then one of the most public-spirited Republicans of that city. I knew it was needless to call upon the National or State Committee in that State. Mr. Taylor brought together several Republicans possessing means, to whom I proposed that they should send a particular sum of money directly to the candidates who needed it. They appreciated the necessity of making an earnest struggle to save the House, and within twenty-four hours they raised $4400, and at my special request sent it directly to the Congressional candidates. The result was that every doubtful district was saved and a Republican House carried with Lincoln.

The entire contributions made to the Lincoln-Curtin State Committee in 1860 aggregated $12,000, and of that sum $3000 was paid for printing, and $2000 was a contribution of rent by Doctor Jayne, leaving the committee but $7000—not for the organization of an existing party, but for the creation of a party out of discordant elements, to win the doubtful State of Pennsylvania, whose verdict in October made Abraham Lincoln President.

In modern politics I have many times known of more money spent in a single ward for the election of a councilman than the entire amount contributed in 1860 to carry the Pennsylvania election in October, that gave the Republicans absolute victory in November. There is not an earnestly contested legislative district in this city that does not cost thousands of dollars to run the campaign and pay the party workers; and a recent contest for nomination in one of the Senatorial districts of Philadelphia cost the opposing factional leaders not less than $100,000.

Under our present system political leaders make politics a trade, and every ward and precinct have a host of men who live by politics and who refuse to give political service of any kind unless liberally paid. In 1860 there was not an attempt made to buy a vote for Curtin in the entire State, and, excepting in rare instances where special and unusual service was required, the entire work of that great battle, that revolutionized a nation, was willingly performed without pay as a matter of patriotic duty.

MR. THOMAS E. WATSON

MEN & WOMEN

MR. HENRY E. KREHBIEL

Mr. Krehbiel and His French Speech

Jurors from all countries were sent to Paris to pass upon the exhibits in the Exposition and decide which were worthy of medals or honorable mention. The American juror in the matter of musical instruments was Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel.

Being a big man and a good bit of a politician, Mr. Krehbiel swung the international jury in almost any direction he pleased—although his French is almost pathetic. So when the jurors—French, German, Italian, English, Hungarian and others—decided to give themselves a farewell banquet, they asked Mr. Krehbiel to make the speech of the evening.

Of course he wanted to be understood, and so he made up his mind that he must speak in the international language—French. It worried him. Finally, he did what every man does when he is in a tight corner—he asked his wife to help him. Now Mrs. Krehbiel knows the French language as well as she knows the way to her piano.

"Sit down and write out your speech," she said, "and I'll translate it into French for you."

"But it must be humorous," he said.

"I'll put in the humor," Mrs. Krehbiel replied.

By the time he had written out his speech—he had to stop now and then to laugh over it—it was getting late. He gave Mrs. Krehbiel his manuscript and began to dress. Perhaps his epigrams were hard to translate; perhaps he interfered with the translation, saying: "Dearest, where are my white neckties?" or, "I can't find my pearl studs," as men do; in any case, by the time he was dressed and his cab was waiting to take him to the banquet only half of his speech was translated.

"Never mind," he said; "I'll read as much as you've done—it's something, anyway." And he drove away to the Hotel of the Ambassadors, where the banquet was held.

Mrs. Krehbiel had pinned the flower in his buttonhole; she was alone; she said, "He sha'n't fail like that!" Then she sat down and translated the rest of the speech. She called a cab and ordered the driver to whip away to the Hotel des Ambassadeurs.

It is just as Mrs. Krehbiel is entering the gilded hallway that the scene shifts to the banqueting-hall.

Mr. Krehbiel is on his feet; he is reading a French speech, and every one is applauding; suddenly he turns the page—it is blank. Mr. Krehbiel coughs and turns red. He is in the middle of a sentence for which there is no end. At that moment a swift and agitated waiter touches him on the arm.

"A lady insists upon seeing you, sir." The audience laughed and applauded.

"Hush!" said the orator; "*place aux dames!*"—it was his one phrase. He followed the waiter to the door, and there stood his wife with the rest of his speech.

"Oh, you darling," he whispered; "quick—give it to me!" Calm, unperturbed—as though he had merely stepped aside to greet a casual duchess—Mr. Krehbiel returned to the banqueting-hall and finished his speech. But after the applause had died away the jurymen said to themselves:

"A capital speech, so humorous!—and all in French. I wonder why Krehbiel would never talk French at any of our committee meetings."

The Forgetfulness of Mr. Watson

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, who was the candidate for Vice-President on the Populist ticket in 1896, is still before the public, but as a historian instead of a politician.

Mr. Watson is a self-made man, having worked his way through college, and mounted by sheer worth to an enviable prominence. Not long since, when being interviewed by a reporter, he said: "Count me among the politically dead, and let me henceforth rest in peace."

Since the campaign of 1896 Mr. Watson has devoted most of his time to his law practice and to literary work. He has a large plantation, which also claims a portion of his attention. His home life, at the little town of Thomson, Georgia, is quiet and happy.

In college Mr. Watson was known as a "history hog." He would lock himself in his room and read history day and night, without food or rest, and when he appeared his eyes would be so bloodshot that, it is said, he was frequently the subject of comment from those who took the condition of his eyes to be the result of another cause.

It is told of Watson that when in college he and his roommate were often put to it to make buckle and tongue meet. There being no typewriters or copying machines, they managed to make some money by copying legal papers for lawyers.

Once, when a certain Greek book was required, Watson's roommate was unable to raise the necessary money, and was troubled, for appearance at recitation without it meant a reprimand and twenty demerits. Watson, by some lucky chance, procured two copies of the book. His friend, in great surprise, inquired what he would take for one of them, whereupon Watson coolly replied:

"I'll give you one for that coat you have on." The exchange, it is said, was readily made, and the roommate wore a linen duster until a friend gave him a suit of clothes. Watson wore the coat, and never referred to the transaction afterward.

A few years ago Mr. Watson invited "Bill Arp," Major Charles H. Smith, to lecture in his town. Major Smith does not make a business of lecturing, but he is none the less an attractive and entertaining speaker. All the countryside turned out to hear "Bill Arp," and Mr. Watson was very busy making arrangements. Managing a lecture was new to Mr. Watson, and he consulted Major Smith concerning all the details, and was anxious that he should not forget anything. Everything pointed to success.

The house was filled, and the lecture was well received. But the people kept their seats after the speaker had finished and taken his seat, and showed no inclination to disperse. Finally, when the silence began to grow ominous, the audience began to leave in groups, with an expression of querulous amusement on their faces.

Watson was a puzzled witness to this proceeding. Turning to Major Smith, he asked in a hoarse whisper: "Major, did I forget anything?"

"Yes, you forgot something, Tom," said a man who had lingered in the hall. "You forgot to provide a doorkeeper, and not one of these people paid any admission."

La Farge and the Waiting Coupé

Mr. John La Farge, the artist, who lives at Newport, has all the eccentricity that is said by the wise to be a part of genius. The late Bishop Brooks, of Boston, was very fond of La Farge and they were excellent friends, but he hit off the latter's eccentricity in a single sentence.

Bishop Brooks and a friend were coming out of a church where the artist was decorating a great window. The friend walked toward a handsome coupé, that was standing in the rain, and said: "I suppose this is your carriage, Bishop?"

"Dear me, no," said the Bishop, "I always walk. That's a livery carriage waiting for La Farge."

"But La Farge," said the friend, "has been working in the church all day, and will continue to work until night."

"I know," said the Bishop, his whimsical smile drawing the corner of his mouth; "but La Farge can never work very well unless he knows he's keeping a carriage waiting for him somewhere."

Collis P. Huntington's Wedding Fee

Once, in 1884, Mr. Henry Ward Beecher requested me to postpone a lecture engagement on account of an important wedding which he had on hand. He declined to tell me who was to be married, and asked me to say nothing about it. In fact, he said, he knew little about it himself. He invited me to his house that evening, and I was sitting with Mrs. Beecher in the library when the door-bell rang and the parties were escorted to the parlor.

He called Mrs. Beecher to join the party, but I was not invited. They must have remained an hour, chatting, after the ceremony, and then Mr. Beecher, in his cheerful, delightful manner, escorted them to the door and they drove off. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher then returned to the library, expressing great wonder, and, I think, satisfaction, at the event. Then he told me that he had just married Mr. C. P. Huntington to Mrs. A. D. Warsham, who was quite a prominent woman in New York. He believed she would make Mr. Huntington an excellent wife. She was just the woman for him.

Several weeks after this incident Mr. Beecher and I were together on the cars, and he was having what he called a "general house-cleaning" of his pockets—not an uncommon occurrence. His pockets would often get loaded up with letters and papers, and if he happened to be sitting by an open car window he would clear out his pockets, tear up old letters and throw them away.

On this occasion he happened to put his hand in the watch pocket of his pantaloons, and found there a little envelope which he opened. When he saw its contents, he called me to sit beside him, and remarked:

"You remember the evening I married Mr. C. P. Huntington. I was so much interested in the subject that I forgot he handed me a little envelope as he went out of the door. I put it in the watch-pocket of my pantaloons and never thought of it again until just now, and here it is—four one-thousand-dollar bills."

"Now," he said, "don't tell any one about it and we will have a good time and make a good deal of happiness with this money. We will just consider that we found it."

A few days later he called and asked me to go with him down town to look at a cargo of rugs which had just arrived. I think we went to a place somewhere on Pearl Street, below Fulton, and we had to go up two or three flights of stairs. The place was packed with rugs, and people were handling them and marking them. Many were brought out and shown to Mr. Beecher, who seemed to be quite an expert in rugs as well as in all other lines of art. He picked out quite a number—some of them very valuable ones—and left instructions to have them sent to various friends of his in accordance with a list which he had made out. There was one beautiful prayer rug which he sent to a friend in Peekskill, a member of his church, and I think he sent one to each of his children and to his sons' wives. He also purchased quite a number for his own house. For one small prayer rug he paid $40. I asked him to let me pay for that one and keep it for myself. He said:

"No; that's the finest rug here. I propose to keep that one for myself." I saw it sold for $95 at Mr. Beecher's collection sale. All of those rugs would bring higher prices than Mr. Beecher paid for them. Later, we were at a store in Philadelphia, where he purchased a beautiful coin silver lamp, and paid $100 for it, remarking: "Pond, this is some of the money that we found." He sent the lamp to his own home, and I afterward saw it sold in his collection at the American Art Galleries. I think it sold for only $18. I tried to get to the auctioneer to tell him that it was a coin silver lamp and what Mr. Beecher had paid for it, but it was too late.

He bought a pair of andirons in Cincinnati and sent them to his little friend Violet Beach, in Peekskill. Her mother had lately built a beautiful house adjoining Mr. Beecher's farm. In his letter to Violet's mother he said: "I send a present to Violet, and if she doesn't like it let her put it in the fireplace."

He purchased a great many unmounted gems, some of which he subsequently had mounted, and gave them to friends. Many were mounted in very pretty rings. I think he really did absorb the entire $4000 in making happiness among those whom he loved.

After Mr. Beecher's death, Mr. C. P. Huntington was very kind to Mrs. Beecher. He always furnished her transportation for transcontinental trips to visit her son on Puget Sound, and it was my privilege to call upon Mr. Huntington with Mrs. Beecher's messages, as Mr. Beecher dead was Mr. Beecher living to me, and I took pleasure in going on these errands.

One day I related to Mr. Huntington the incident of Mr. Beecher's discovery of the four one-thousand-dollar bills, and he replied:

"I should never have given them to him. It was all wrong. I made a mistake. Money never did him any good."

Since that time I have visited many of Mr. Beecher's old friends, and have seen in their houses some of the rugs and other presents purchased with that money—souvenirs that call up fond memories of the dearest friendship one could possibly possess. I often wonder whether happiness made in that way is not more effective than when money is invested in some public library or other charitable institution where it never seems to arouse any deep feeling of personal gratitude on the part of the beneficiaries.—*James B. Pond.*

Mooswa of the Boundaries. *By* W. A. Fraser

The Night Hunt of the Wolves

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SO FAR, all the plans of the Half-breed for capturing Black Fox had failed; but one day conditions were favorable for his master-stroke—a rare trick known only to himself. He smiled grimly when, in the early morning, he discovered that the snow bore a tender young crust just sufficient to bear a fair-sized animal. He made elaborate preparations.

"To-day we cate' dat black fell'," he said gleefully to Rod. "You wait here till I s'oot Mister Mus'rat firs' for bait, den I s'ow you some treek."

Soon François returned with a freshly killed Muskrat, which he promptly skinned, taking great care not to touch the meat with his hands. Putting the hind quarters in a pouch formed from the blood-stained skin, he next made a long-handled scraper. "Now I fix dis tea-dance where de Fox always go for sit in one place ever' day—I know me dat place," he chuckled as, gathering up his outfit, he started for the forest.

Arrived there, François pulled the snow from under the gentle crust with his scraper for a space of six or eight feet, leaving a miniature cave under the frozen shell. Into this he shoved two strong steel traps, and, using a long stick, emptied the Muskrat pouch of its meat just above.

"Now, Mister S'arp-Nose," muttered the Breed, "I t'ink me you no smell not'ing but meat. You don't like smell François, eh? For dat I give me de Mus'rat smell for you nose."

Backing away from his work, the Half-breed carefully smoothed down the snow into his tracks for a long distance; then, filling his pipe, he lighted it and trudged back to the shack to await the success of this ruse.

When Black King came up the wind, winding up the meat scent like a ball of yarn, he struck a new combination. There were no evidences of Man's handicraft—no trap in sight—no baited gun—no Marten stockade—no bent sapling with a hungry noose dangling from it—but there were undoubtedly two nice, juicy, appetising pieces of meat lying on top of the undisturbed snow-crust.

The Fox sat down and surveyed the surrounding territory critically. He cocked his sharp eyes and sharper nose toward all points of the compass. The forest was like a graveyard—as silent; no hidden enemy lurked near with ready fire stick. On that point his nose assured him.

Then he walked gingerly, in a big circle, all about the fascinating centrepiece of sweet-smelling meat, his nose prospecting every inch of the ground. Something had evidently disturbed the snow where François had smoothed it down. Three circles he completed like this; each one smaller, and closer to the bait. Three lengths of himself from the covered danger he sat down again and tried to think it out.

"It can't be a trap," he mused; "nothing has walked where the eating is—that much is certain. François can smooth the white ground-cover down, but can't put a crust on it. Starvation year! but that meat smells good—I haven't eaten for two days. I wish it were a trap—then I should know what I am about. It looks mighty suspicious—must be the white powder. I think I had better leave it alone. If there were only a trap in sight I would tackle it quick enough; it's easy to spring one of those things and get the bait."

He trotted away twenty yards, meaning to go home and not risk it. Suddenly he stopped, sat down once more, and again thought it all over—his determination weakened by appetite. His empty stomach clamored for the meat—it was full of nothing but the great pain of hunger.

"Forest devils!" muttered the hesitating Fox; "I believe I'm losing my nerve—am afraid because there isn't anything in sight but the meat. I'd never hear the last of it if Carcajou, or Pisew, or any of them came along, saw my trail, and then, having more pluck than I've got, went on and ate that free eating. I wonder what it is? Smells like a cut of Muskrat, or a piece of Caribou; it's not Fish."

He walked back cautiously, irresolutely, and took a look from the opposite side. "I have a notion to try it; I can tell if there's white medicine about when I get it at the end of my nose," he said, peering carefully all about. There was nobody in sight—nothing! Women Foxes! but he was nervous! His big brush was simply trembling from the fear of some unknown danger. He laughed hysterically at the idea. It was the unusualness of the meat lying on top of the snow, with no evidence of why it should be there. There was no appearance of a kill near the spot. How in the world had it come there? There was no track leading up to or away from it; perhaps Hawk, or Whisky-Jack, or some other bird had dropped it. It was the most wonderful problem he had ever run up against.

But thinking it over brought no solution; also his stomach clamored louder and louder for the appetizing morsel. Rising up, Black King crept cautiously toward the fascinating object. His foot went through the snow crust. "This wouldn't bear up a baby Lynx," he thought; "neither François nor any other Man can have been near that meat."

He took another step—and another, eyes and nose inspecting every inch of the snow. He could almost reach it; another step—and as his paw sank through the crust it touched something smooth and slippery. There was a clang of iron—and the bone of his left foreleg was clamped tight in the cruel jaws of a Beaver trap.

Poor old Black King! Despair and pain stretched him, sobbing queer little whimpering cries of anguish, in the snow. Only for an instant; then he realized that unless help came from his comrades his peerless coat would soon be stretched skin-side out on a wedge-shaped board in François' shack.

Shrill and plaintive his trembling whistle, "Wh-e-e-he-e-e, wh-e-e-he-e-e!" went vibrating through the still forest in a supplicating call to his companions for help.

Then an hour of despairing anguish, without one single glint of hope. Every crack of tree-bark, as the frost stretched it, was the snapping of a twig under François' feet; every rustle of bare branches overhead was the shuffling rasp of his snowshoes on the yielding crust.

Excruciating pains shot up the Fox's leg and suggested grim tortures in store when François should take him from the trap. Perhaps he would skin him alive—the Indians and Half-breeds were so frightfully cruel to Animals. If only Carcajou, or Whisky-Jack, or dear old Mooswa could hear his whistle! Surely they would help him out. Suddenly he heard the rustle of Jack's wings, and turned eagerly. A big, brown, belated leaf fluttered idly from a cottonwood and fell in the snow; there was no Whisky-Jack in sight—nothing but the helpless, shriveled leaf scurrying away before the wind.

At intervals he barked a call, then listened. How deadly silent the forest was! His heart thumping against his ribs sounded like the beat of Partridge's wing-drums at the time of mating. Strange fancies, for an animal, flitted through his mind; something like a Man's thoughts when he drifts close to death. Why had Wie-sah-ke-chack, who was God of Man and Animals, arranged it this way? During all his life Black King had killed only when hunger forced him to it; but here was François, a Man, killing always—killing everything! And for what? Not to eat; for the Breed had flour in plenty, and meat that was already killed. It was not because of hunger; but simply to steal their coats, that he, or some other Man or Woman, might look fine in fur clothes stolen from the Boundary Dwellers—at the sacrifice of their lives.

Again Black Fox heard a leaf sawing its whispering way down through the willow wands; he did not even turn his head. But it was wings this time; and a cheery, astonished voice sang out: "Hello, Your Majesty, what are you doing there with your hands in the snow—feeling for a Mole's nest?"

"Praise to Wie-sah-ke-chack!" cried the King. "Is that you, Jay? I'm trapped at last," he continued, "and you must fly like the wind and get some of our comrades to help me out."

"There's a poor chance," said the Bird despondently; "as you know, none of us can spring that big trap but Muskwa, and we'll never get him to come out now—he is dead to the world."

"What am I to do?" moaned the King. "We must try something."

"Oh, we shall get you out of here. I'll call Beaver to cut the stake that holds the chain, and you'll just have to carry the trap home with you. Carcajou might be strong enough to press down the spring, but his hands are so puffed up from the squeeze they got that he can't do a thing with them. Don't fret; I will soon get them all here, and we'll see what can be done."

In a wonderfully short time Jack had summoned Beaver, Mooswa, Blue Wolf and Lynx. Mooswa's great heart was touched at the sight of their sovereign's misery. "My services are of little use here," he said. "I will go back on the trail close to the shack and watch for François."

"Sparrow Hawks!" exclaimed Jay; "I quite forgot about that. Our friend was getting ready to come out on his Marten road when I left. Somebody will feel the foul breath of his iron stick if we don't keep a sharp lookout."

"All the better if he brings it," answered Mooswa; "for then he'll follow me, and I'll lead him away so far that you'll have plenty of time to get our King home."

"Noble comrade!" smirked Lynx; "such self-sacrifice! But don't you know that the hunter will never give up your trail until you are dead? The snow is deep, the crust won't hold against your beautiful, sharp hoofs, and the killer will run you down before the sun sets twice."

"Most considerate traitor!" snapped Whisky-Jack. "You would rather Black King fell into François' hands, wouldn't you?" For the Jay knew what Pisew had said to Carcajou when the latter was in the trap.

"All right, Mooswa," growled Rof admiringly; "you are a noble fellow. Go and lead François away—don't get within burning distance of his fire stick, though. I and my pack will take care that the Man-enemy doesn't follow your trail after the closing of the light of day."

"I killed a Man once," answered Bull Moose; "but I'll never do it again, nor must you, comrade. That is a thing to be settled among themselves—the Man kill is not for us."

"I talk not of killing!" snarled Blue Wolf surlily. "When our cry goes up, François will take the back trail, and keep it till he is safe within the walls of his own shack—that's what I meant."

"It is well!" affirmed the King approvingly; "act thus, comrades. We are not like Man, who slays for the sake of slaying, and calls it sport."

"Most generous Black King!" exclaimed Pisew with an evil smirk.

Mooswa and Blue Wolf started off together. Umisk was driving his ivory chisels through the hard, dry birch stake that held the trap. It was a slow job—almost like cutting metal. Suddenly a thought struck Black Fox. "How am I to get home with this huge trap on my leg?" he asked. "Mooswa has gone, and there is no one to carry me."

"I could help you with the trap," answered Umisk.

"And leave a trail to the house like a Rabbit-run? The Breed would find it and murder the whole family; I'm not going to risk my mother's skin in that manner."

"Thoughtful King!" lisped Pisew.

"True, true," confirmed Beaver. "François would surely find the trail. There is no other way, unless—unless——"

"Unless what, faithful little friend?"

"Unless you take the way of our people."

"And that way—friend?"

"Cut off the leg!"

"Horrible!" ejaculated Lynx.

"Horrible for you, Frog-Heart," interposed Jack. "The King is different—he's got pluck."

"Your Majesty will never get the trap off," continued Beaver, "until Muskwa, the Strong, comes out in the spring. Even if you did carry it home your leg would go bad before that time."

Black Fox pondered for a minute, weighing carefully the terrible alternative. On one hand was the risk of leading the Trapper to his carefully concealed home, and months of tortured idleness with the trap on his leg; on the other the permanent crippling of himself by amputation.

"Can you cut the leg off, wise Umisk?" he asked.

"I did it once for my own brother, who was caught," Beaver answered simply.

"Take off mine, then," commanded the King decisively; "it is the only way."

"You'll bleed to death," said Lynx solicitously.

"Oh, that would be lovely!" sneered Jack, "for then we'd all choose Pisew as his successor—'*Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi*'—excuse me, comrades, that's an expression François uses sometimes when he drinks firewater. It means, a live slink is better than a dead hero."

When Black Fox gave the command to amputate his limb, Beaver ceased cutting the stake, scuttled over to a white poplar, girdled the tree close to the ground, then, standing on his strong hind legs, cut the bark again higher up. Next he peeled a strip, brought it over beside the Fox and chiseled some of the white inner bark, chewing it to a pulp. "Hold this in your mouth, Pisew, and keep it warm," Beaver commanded, passing it to Lynx. "We shall manage to stop the blood, I think."

"You will poison our King," said Jack. "If you put that stuff on the wound after Slink has held it in his mouth."

Beaver paid no attention, but stripped three little threads from the clothlike tree-lining, and drew the fibre through his teeth to soften it. Then he spoke to the Bird: "Come down here, Jack, and hold these threads—your beak should be as good as a needle at this job. Now for it, Your Majesty!" Umisk continued, and one might have fancied he was a celebrated surgeon rolling up his sleeves before beginning a difficult amputation.

"This is horribly bitter stuff," muttered Pisew; "it tastes like the Wolf-willow berry."

"Good for the wound—will dry up the bleeding!" affirmed the little doctor curtly.

"Is there anything the matter with this bait, King—any white death-powder?" he asked. "If not, stick it in your mouth—it will brace you up, and take your mind off the leg."

"There is no white powder in it—I can guarantee that," snickered Jay. "I flew in the door yesterday, when François and the Boy were out, stole the bottle off its roost, and dropped it through their water-hole in the river ice—just to save your life, Pisew, you know—you're such a silly glutton, you would eat anything."

"Jack," said the King, looking up gratefully, "your tongue is the worst part of you—your heart is all right."

"Even his tongue is all right now, since he got over the fat pork," sneered Pisew.

"Bird of torture!" ejaculated Black King, "but that hurts, Umisk!" For Beaver had girdled the skin of the leg as soon as he had the bark of the tree

"Think of the meat in your mouth, King," advised Umisk "Hold up this skin with your claw, Jack," he commanded "there! pull it a little higher. I'll cut the bone here, you see; then we'll cover it with the skin-flap."

"Full crop! but you have a great head, Umisk!" cried Jack admiringly

"Wh-e-e! wh-e-e-e-e!" squealed the Fox, crunching his sharp white teeth to hold back the cries of pain

"Quick, Pisew, hand out the poplar-bread—it's off! commanded Beaver. "Now, Jack, the thread. Hold one end in your beak, while I wrap it. There—let go! put a hole through the skin here!"

Black King's tongue was lolling out with the pain, but with Jack's strong, sharp beak, Beaver's teeth-scalpel and deft fingers, the whole operation was completed in half an hour

"What's that?" queried Black Fox suddenly, cocking his ears; "I heard the cough of François' fire stick—listen!"

"I heard it, too," asserted Jack; "the Breed is after poor old Mooswa. If he kills our comrade, Blue Wolf and his pack will make short work of him."

"Now we are ready to take Your Majesty home—I think I've made a fairish job of it," said Umisk, holding up the shortened limb with great professional pride. "Bring the foot, Jack—it must be buried. Pisew, you can carry the King, now that he is not loaded down with iron. There will be only your big-footed track to see, for I'll circle wide, double a few times, cross Long Lake under the ice and our enemy will never know where I've gone

"Leave the foot here," advised Jay. "The Breed will find it, see blood on the snow, discover Pisew's track leading away, and think Lynx has eaten Black Fox out of the trap Knowing our friend's cannibal instincts, he'll believe this. That will give our chief a chance to get well; for François, thinking he's dead, will not try again to catch him."

"I don't want my reputation ruined this way," whined Pisew

"Ruin *your* reputation!" sneered the Bird. "That is rich! It's like Skunk complaining of a bad odor when you're about."

"You go with Pisew and Black King, Jack," ordered Umisk, who had taken full management of the arrangements "better be off now before the cold sting gets into the wound." He helped Black Fox on Lynx's back, and started them off, then struck out in a different direction himself

The Red Widow's first intimation of this great calamity was Jack's thin voice calling for help to get Black Fox up into the burrow. How the old lady wept! "First it was my little Cross Stripes, my babe," she moaned, caressing the King with her soft cheek; "now it's you, my beautiful son. Poor lad! you will never be able to run again!"

"Oh, yes, I shall, mother," replied Black Fox. "The leg will soon heal up, and I'll manage all right. I'm only too thankful to be out of that horrible trap."

"Bless Umisk's clever little heart! cried the widow in her gratitude, as she stroked the black head with her paw

"Not forgetting a word for his sharp teeth, eh, good dame?" remarked Jack

"I'll get food for the family," added Black King's younger brother, proudly assuming the responsibility

The Red Widow thanked Lynx and Whisky-Jack for bringing her wounded son home, and begged Pisew to walk back in his tracks a distance and use every endeavor to cover up the trail leading to their burrow

After Mooswa left the others he walked to within two hundred yards of the shack. "Brother Rof," he said to his comrade, "wait for me to-night at Pelican Portage—you and your pack. If the Man follows me that far I shall be tired by then, and need your help."

"You'll get it, old friend—we'll sing the Song of the Kill for this slayer of the Boundary people. There will be great sport to-night—rare sport. Ur-r-r-n-ah! But the pups will learn somewhat of the chase—by my love of a long run! they shall. Drink not, Mooswa, while you trail, for a water-logged stomach makes a dry throat."

Just as Blue Wolf disappeared on his pack-gathering errand the Half-breed came out of his shack. On his feet were snowshoes, over his shoulder a bag, and in his hand a rifle—he was ready for the Marten road. Mooswa started off through the forest at a racking pace

"By goss!" exclaimed the Trapper, catching sight of the Bull Moose; "I miss me dat good c'ance for s'oot."

Throwing down his bag he started in pursuit, picking up Mooswa's big trail. The hoofprints were like those of a five year old steer

Out of sight, the Moose stopped, turned sidewise, and, crossing his big, heavy ears forward, listened intently. Yes [illegible] was following; the shuffle of his snowshoes over the snow was soft and low, like whispering wind through the sharp branches of a dead tamarack; but Mooswa could hear it—all his life he had been listening for just such music

Wily as the Breed was, sometimes a twig would crack sometimes the snow crust crunch as he stepped over the white mound of a buried log. He had never seen a Moose act as this one did. Usually they raced at full speed for miles at first, tiring themselves out in the deep snow; while behind, never halting, never hesitating, followed the grim hunter skimming easily over the surface with his light-traveling snowshoes—with the certainty that in the end he would overtake his victim. But this chase was on altogether new lines, something the Half-breed had never experienced. Mooswa kept just beyond range of his gun. A dozen times inside of the first hour François caught sight of the magnificent antlers. Once, exasperated by the tantalizing view of the giant Bull, he took a long-range chance shot. That was the report Black King had heard.

When François came to where Mooswa had been standing he examined the snow—there was no blood "By goss!" he muttered, "I t'ink someone put bad medicine on me

"Dis time mebbe Mooswa"

Hour after hour the hunter followed the Bull's trail; hour after hour Mooswa trotted, and walked, and rested, and doubled, and circled, just as it suited the game he was playing. François, like all Indians or Breeds, had no love for a long shot—ammunition was too precious to be wasted. He could wear the Moose down in two days, surely; then at twenty or thirty yards his gun would do the rest

In the afternoon he tightened the loin-belt one hole—his stomach was getting empty, but that did not matter—he could travel better. If the fast should last for three days it would be of no moment, for when the Moose was slain and brought to the shack by dog train, the pot would boil night and day, and he would feast as long as he had fasted. The thought of the fat, butterlike nose of this misshapen animal brought moisture to the parched lips of the long-striding Half-breed that delicacy would soon be his. He traveled faster at the thought of it; also he decided to push his quarry a bit to tire him, so the Moose would lie down and rest all night

The dusk was beginning to settle down, though it was only four o'clock in the afternoon, as Mooswa struck straight for Pelican Portage. Would Blue Wolf be there to turn back the pursuer? If by any chance his comrade missed, what a weary struggle he would have next day with the bloodthirsty Breed ever on his trail. As Mooswa neared the Portage a low, whimpering note caught his ear. Then another answered close by, and another and another joined in, until the woods rang with a fierce chorus—it was the Wolf pack's Call of the Killing

Wh-i-m-m-p! Wh-i-i-m-m-p! Buh-h! Buh-h-h! Buh-h-h! O-o-o-o-h-h! O-o-o-o-h-h! Bl-o-o-d! Bl-o-o-d! Bl-o-o-d!" That was the Wolf cry, sounding like silvery music

"Hungry, every one of them!" he muttered. "If François stumbles, or sleeps, or forgets the Man-look for a minute, Rof's pack will slay him

Then he coughed asthmatically and Blue Wolf bounded into the open, shaking his shaggy coat "Safe passage, brothers, for Mooswa," he growled with authority; "also no killing for the Hunting man, for the hunt is of our doing

François heard the Wolf-call, too, and a chill struck his heart. Night was coming on, and he was alone in the woods, and in front of him a pack of hungry wolves Turning, he glided swiftly over the back trail

The Kill call, brothers!" cried Rof his sharp eyes seeing this movement of the fleeing Breed. Once again the death belts of the forest, the Blood Song of the Blue Wolf, rang out: "Wa-h-h-h! W-a-h-h-h! Gur-h-h-h! Yap, yap, yap which is the snarl-fastening of teeth in flesh, the gurring choke of blood in the throat, and the satisfied note of victory

The hunter became the hunted, and into his throat crept the wild, unreasoning terror that Mooswa and every other living animal had known because of his desire for their lives. What would avail a rifle in the night against Blue Wolf's hungry brethren? True, he could climb a tree—but only to freeze; the starlit sky would send down a steel-pointed frost that would soon bring on a death sleep, and tumble him to the yellow fangs of the gray watchers

Mile after mile the Half-breed fled nursing his strength with a woodsman's instinct How useless, too seemed the flight, those swift-rushing, merciless Wolves would overtake him as soon as the shadows had deepened into night He had his Buffalo knife, and when they pressed too close he could build a fire, that might save him—it was a bare possibility

With the thirst for Mooswa's blood upon him, his eager straining after the fleeing animal had been exhilaration, desire had nourished his stomach and anticipated victory had kept his throat moist. Now the death fear turned the night wind to a hot fire blast; his lungs pumped and hammered for a cooling breath; his heart pounded at the bone ribs with a warning note for rest. The thews that had snapped with strong elasticity in the morning now tugged and pulled with the ache of depression Going, he had chosen his path over the white carpet, coolly measuring the lie of each twig and brush and stump; now he traveled as in a thicket. Small skeleton spruce shoots, stripped of their bark by hungry Wapoos, and dried till every twig was like a lance, reached out and caught at his snowshoes; drooping spruce boughs, low swinging with their weight of snow, caused him to double under or circle in his race against Blue Wolf's pack

All nature, animate and inanimate, was fighting for his life eager for his blood. Even a sharp half-dead limb sticking out from a tamarack, cut him in the face, and sucked a few drops of the hot fluid. Startled into ejaculation, François panted huskily: "Holy Mot'er, sabe me dis time! I give to de good Pere Lacombe de big offerin' for de Mission" and all the time he was swinging along with far reaching strides

Memory pictures of animals that had stood helplessly at bay before his merciless gun flashed through his mind. Once a Moose-mother had fronted him to defend her two calves—the big almond-eyes of the heroic beast had pleaded for their lives. He had not understood it then, now, someway or

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The Saturday Evening Post for One Dollar

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST begins the autumn season with a paid circulation of more than 250,000 copies, and with new subscriptions coming in at the rate of a thousand a day. Its ten new presses are now installed in its new eight-story building, which, together with its old facilities, give it the largest and most complete periodical plant in the world. This addition to the equipment of The Curtis Publishing Company, with the auxiliary machinery specially designed for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the whole involving an outlay of half a million dollars, will enable us to lessen the mechanical cost of the magazine, and to print the edition of 500,000 weekly toward which we are rapidly growing. And this cheapening of cost and increase of circulation will permit us to make permanent the price which, under the old conditions, we were able to put out only as a special and limited offer—a year's subscription, fifty-two numbers, including the regular monthly double numbers and the special holiday issues, for one dollar.

This is done, too, in the face of great improvements which are contemplated and being made in every department of the magazine. The best artists in the country have been retained to illustrate the POST during the coming year, and wherever great things are being done, whether in politics, statecraft, business, science, education or art, there are to be found the men who will furnish the more important general articles. Each of these writers is chosen for his special ability to write authoritatively upon the topic assigned him. The contributions of fiction, humor and verse will be by the ablest men and the cleverest women in the English writing world, and there will be a constant broadening and strengthening of the special departments. In short, neither money nor brains will be spared in the making of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST for 1900–1901. And the price for a full year's subscription will be only one dollar.

The Hornet with a Stimulating Sting

IT IS comparatively an easy matter to run one's head into a hornets' nest, but, fortunately, there are some kinds of hornets in this bright and joyous world of ours whose stings are positively stimulating. What healthier mental exercise can there be, for instance, than to stir up the populous colonies of cranks and fad-worshipers and bring them swarming and booming about one's ears? It produces a healthy glow in the mind, and gives rise to feelings such as a benefactor of the human race may entertain, feelings that lie nearer to pride than to humility.

These comparisons are suggested by recent propositions put forward in the newspapers by certain gentlemen more or less distinguished, who seem to be of the opinion that they have invented or discovered infallible methods and devices for the proper training and education of the young. One proposes to train his children on a "scientific" basis. This is vague enough to disarm criticism if one were ignorant of the large brood of follies and "isms" that have been hatched under the warm wing and covering of "science," so called. Another gentleman, no less distinguished, announces that hereafter it is his settled purpose to maroon his children, as it were, by depriving them of all association with youngsters of their age and kind. It may be predicted in advance that if this system of isolation is undertaken in good faith and is carried out with a firm hand, its results will be both surprising and interesting—albeit a middle-aged person may be pardoned for pulling his hat over his eyes and whispering a prayer for the happiness of all children, here and elsewhere.

The peculiarity of all these educational fads is, that no matter how much they differ in kind they have one fallacy in common. They all agree in ignoring the individual which has its existence in each child, and which is bound, finally, to assert itself in spite of all the fads that can be piled upon it. All experience and observation prove that in those characteristics of personality and temperament which set one person apart from another, no two children are alike, and any system of special training which ignores these facts is a failure to begin with.

Fact indeed, is the weak point in our public school system, and it is recognized by all educators worthy of the name. The public school authorities are compelled by circumstances to proceed on the theory that what is good and sufficient for one child is good and sufficient for all children. There is practically no remedy for this in our common schools, which are made up of a conglomerate mass of humanity, seething and various—a mass which must be dealt with in haste and on the run. In these schools the child is taken up, taught with the mass of pupils, and compelled to conform to the "grades" which have been invented for the convenience of the teachers; and is presently thrust out and sent about its business, knowing how to read and write, indeed, but possessing only the vaguest ideas in regard to the fund of knowledge which education is supposed to impart and preserve.

But a specially devised system of training and education should be compelled to give a different and a better account of itself. If it cannot be made adjustable to the individuality, the disposition and natural bent and tendency of each child that is to partake of its benefits—if it cannot be extended or modified to fit the demands of each and all—then it is not only not scientific, it is absurd. The special beauty of childhood and youth, the captivating mystery of humanity, consists mainly of the infinite, the endless variations of personality, individuality, tendency, temperament—the qualities and characteristics that are native to each individual and to no other—and if these special devices, which are put forward so confidently, do not conform to, and aid in bringing out and developing the most promising tendencies of the individual, they are unworthy of serious consideration.

—JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

It is a wise parent that takes lessons from the children

The Tyranny of Tender-Hearted Men

WHAT professor or student of sociology has taken the pains to investigate the curious fact that man exercises a form of tyranny of which he is entirely unconscious, and for which he is not altogether responsible? It is a phenomenon striking enough to appeal strongly to those persistent students of life and character, the novelists, but, strange to say, they have all but ignored it. Thackeray seems to have suspected its existence; he observed results that could only be traced to some such influence.

Unquestionably, this wise and charitable student of society had a woman's intuition in regard to a great many things, and he also had the peculiar sensitiveness and tenderness that are supposed to be the exclusive possession of the weaker sex. What he lacked was opportunity to verify his suspicions. One must be a woman in order to be in a position to witness the phenomenon of the unconscious tyranny of man. Moreover, one must be on fairly intimate terms with a number of other women in order to be able to study at first hand the various complications that result from the subtle influence of man's traditional mastery.

For instance, you (it is necessary that you should be a woman) are making an afternoon call on the girl (now married) who was your roommate and chum at Madame Ptomaine's justly celebrated boarding-school. She is delighted to see you again; tears stand in her eyes as she greets you; and her whole manner assures you that you are more than welcome. She calls in her children, two sturdy boys and a beautiful girl, and you soon feel yourself perfectly at home. While you are conversing with your friend on topics dear to her memory and to yours, you are at the same time witnessing and enjoying the outcroppings of the mutual affection of the mother and children—an affection almost romantic in its fullness and beauty. It is so fresh and free that you seem to participate in its unrestrained play; and you say to yourself: "If perfect domestic felicity exists anywhere in this world, surely it has its domicile in this charming circle!"

Presently you observe your friend glancing nervously at the clock, and you naturally interpret this as a sign that it is quite time for your delightful visit to come to an end. You rise from your chair, making some commonplace excuse, and prepare to go. But no! your departure is not a part of your friend's program. She protests most earnestly, declaring that she is anxious for you to meet her husband.

Suddenly the front door opens, and a firm step is heard in the hall. Instantly a change comes over the household. The children cease their joyous laughter, the happy smiles of the mother fade away, and the shadow of an oppressive sobriety falls upon the little group. You would imagine from the sudden change that comes over the mother and her children that a grim officer is approaching with a death-warrant that included them all. But it is neither officer nor executioner; it is simply the husband and father. He enters the room smiling genially, greets his wife and children with the utmost affection, and extends a warm welcome to his wife's schoolmate and friend. There is not a line in his strong face that does not point to a happy and sunny disposition. And yet his presence in the house appears to put out the lights of affection. The wife ceases to be the girl mother, and the children are frozen into models of dignity and propriety.

The husband himself is entirely ignorant of the wonderful change that has taken place; and, genial and good-humored as he undoubtedly is, he will never become acquainted with his family while life lasts. Innocently and unconsciously, he is the representative of the tyranny of man. What is the secret of such a condition of affairs, which is only one instance out of many millions? —MARGARET J. HEARN

A woman who can be truly spiritual in unfashionable clothes that do not fit need not go to Heaven. She is already a saint

Why True Sports Never Die

ISN'T it quite unnecessary, as well as cruel, that whenever any form of amusement ceases to be a fashionable fad a lot of people make haste to declare that it is dying? The latest undeserving sufferer from this species of libel is golf; a few months ago a similar story was told about bicycling; two or three winters have passed since it was first whispered that tobogganing had had its day and ceased to be; and still earlier we were assured that archery had "gone out."

Meanwhile every one who really enjoyed golf or bicycling or archery in other days likes it as much as of old—probably more—and indulges in it whenever fitting opportunity offers. But it is the misfortune of the spirited folk who are fond of outdoor recreations of any kind that at an unexpected time, whether by accident or design, their favorite sport suddenly becomes fashionable and is taken up by countless men and women who "go into it" merely because every one who is any one appears to be doing likewise. To be in the fashion is the most serious of earthly duties to some people, and the sense of solemnity is visibly manifested even when the duty assumes the name of a sport. Judged by the faces of some of the participants for fashion's sake, golfing is martyrdom to many women and not a few men; bicycling is a continuous earthquake terror; heart-failure is imminent on the tobogggan slide; archery is agony to finger-tips and a mocker of eyesight; rowing and paddling tend to apoplexy; horseback-riding is a tussle with contrary beasts; and croquet is a weariness to the limbs and spinal column. There are other sports, but something is wrong with all of them.

The truth of the matter is that people who take up a sport merely because it is the fashion may be depended upon to drop it at the first fashionable opportunity, perhaps with no loss to themselves but certainly with none to the sport, for such defections amount only to a general weeding out of incompetents and malcontents, leaving the game, whatever it may be, in the hands of those who like it. "There is no accounting for tastes"—nor for lack of certain tastes; as to that, some men and women who are hearty and persistent at outdoor exercise are so satisfied with one or two sports that they take [illegible] any other; the "all-around" enjoyer of [illegible] is almost as hard to find as the ideal lady or gentleman. Nevertheless no true sport is dead; all of them are very much alive and have "come to stay," no matter how wearying they may be to people who do not like them. Bicycling is almost as old as the present generation, golf is far older, though Americans in general seem not to have heard of it till recently, football was played in China more than fifteen hundred years ago and in younger nations ever since they heard of it, and archery and horsemanship hark back to prehistoric man and are instinctive in millions. These sports cannot die, or even be killed, nor can any others that are liked; they are as irrepressible and immortal as the human impulse to get out of doors and do something.

—JOHN HABBERTON.

Marriage is about the only lottery that has been found worth preserving.

Considering Expansion in the Right Spirit

EXPANSION involves profound problems of national policy, and on their solution the future of our country may depend. The subject of expansion should be considered in a spirit that has no reference to Republicanism or Democracy, no personal reference to Mr. Bryan or Mr. McKinley.

The acquisition and governing of foreign dependencies will entail vast dangers, vast responsibilities, vast promises of profit, and a vast expansion of our civilization over semi-civilized lands. It will necessarily bring with it the prospect of foreign wars. We cannot jostle European nations in their greedy struggle for territory without coming into conflict with them.

Undoubtedly, the possible advantages to flow from expansion are tremendous, but it is equally true that dangers lie therein. The power of the Executive will probably be increased. Will it be so increased as to entail actual or practical Imperialism? Or, as in England, will the Executive and the Upper House alike become figureheads, and the Lower House assert the supreme power?

We are at a parting of the ways. On either hand lie advantages and disadvantages, profits and perils. Let us beware that the ancient proverb does not become applicable to us—that the fathers eat sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. —WEBSTER WALLACE.

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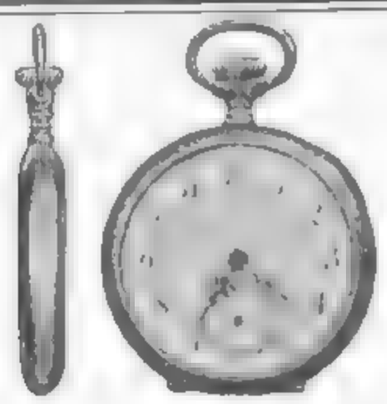

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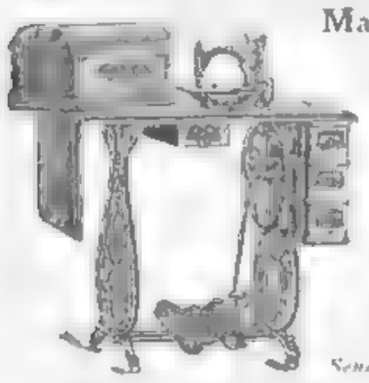

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

The Second Assistant Secretary

It must always remain a matter of gratification to Americans that the clear and honest note in the handling of the Chinese problem was sounded by the United States

The first information the world received of the negotiations looking to the withdrawal of troops from Peking was the statement published in the newspapers some weeks ago and signed by "Alvey A. Adee, Acting Secretary, Department of State, Washington, D. C." To most people the name was not so familiar as that of Secretary Hay, Secretary Sherman, Secretary Blaine, Secretary Olney or Secretary Bayard, and yet to the old diplomatists it was well known

Since 1886 there have been eight Secretaries of State—Bayard, Blaine, Foster, Gresham, Olney, Sherman, Day, Hay—five Republicans and three Democrats, and each has had his brief period of glory. But through all that time there has been but one Second Assistant Secretary of State and on him all the Secretaries have heavily leaned

The fact that his name appeared on the document in regard to China was due to the absence of Secretary Hay and First Assistant Secretary Hill But even if either of them had signed the document it is quite certain that Mr. Adee would have had something to do with its composition. He is, more than any other man in this country, the incarnation and representative of American diplomacy, and especially of the larger subject of diplomacy in general His whole professional life has been in state and diplomatic service, in which he has passed thirty years His record in diplomatic appointments abroad was so good that he was transferred to the State Department at Washington, made Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau, then Third Assistant Secretary of State, and on August 3, 1886, Second Assistant Secretary of State.

At this time, when special departments are being established in colleges for consular and diplomatic instruction and training, Mr. Adee's career becomes an interesting illustration of the necessity of selecting men specially fitted for the work, and of keeping them in office. Under Democratic as well as Republican Administrations he has been equally strong and useful.

The United States and China

It is recognized that the Chinese situation is not only one of the biggest problems in our history, but one that involves more questions in diplomacy than any other complication of the century. The fact that all the big Powers of the earth are mixed up in it compels almost endless negotiation. Naturally, the best minds of each country will be brought into the proceedings. In not wanting any territory the United States has a point of vantage which none of the others occupies, and it has thus been able to outline a policy which is clear cut and unmistakable

In the latter part of August the Russian representative called at the Department of State, Washington, and in an oral statement declared that Russia had no designs of territorial acquisition in China, and that since order was reestablished she would retire her troops from Peking if the acts of the other Powers should offer no obstacle. Russia, in fact, said she was ready at once to withdraw, provided the others would do so, too. At the same time, Russia made no promise as to the Chinese territory which she holds along the northern borders

The reply of Mr. Adee to this was that the purposes which the Powers had in common were to be accomplished—the purposes being to afford protection to life in China, to guard and protect all legitimate foreign interests, to bring about peace, and to "safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire." When the Chinese Government shall have been reestablished, "the United States would withdraw its military forces from Peking and remit to the processes of peaceful negotiations our just demands." This country was in favor of a general withdrawal, but not before the duties were all fulfilled.

The publication of this note amazed the Powers and diplomacy at once began its work. The biggest obstacle encountered was in Germany's answer. It contained the following condition: "As a preliminary to entering upon diplomatic relations with the Chinese Government those persons must be delivered up who have been proved to be the original and real instigators of the outrages against international law which have occurred at Peking." This was a stumbling block.

The fact that just before her offer Russia ordered six million pounds of beef from Chicago—the largest army beef order ever known—to feed the soldiers of the Czar in China, showed that she had the idea of remaining there a few weeks.

Count von Waldersee

A great deal of good natured fun was poked at our own General Miles for starting off to war with a fine porcelain bath tub. Much of the same sort of comment has fallen upon Count von Waldersee, who took with him to the East a seven room house. It is made of asbestos, and can be taken to pieces in less than three hours and erected in about eight hours. His high rank places him at the head of the allies, and he is there as much for his ability in diplomacy as for his capacity as a soldier

Germany probably has the biggest part of the game to play. Two years ago China was on the verge of an outbreak largely because of the insistencies of Germany [illegible] missionaries were killed and China had to pay heavily. It is somewhat singular that the Chinese troops who did the best fighting had been trained by German officers. Further than this, too, it was Germany's Minister who was so brutally murdered

China's Play for Preservation

A year ago the conviction of the world was that China was rapidly approaching political dissolution. The Powers had drawn their spheres of influence, had secured their principal ports, and had outlined their politics

Now the very act which ought to hasten the carrying out of the plans and the probable partition of the Celestial Empire becomes a possible reason for its preservation That is to say, the keen competition of the nations now represented at Peking will give the fertile and ingenious Chinese statesmen an opportunity for saving their own government through the jealousies of those who expect to possess parts of its territory

The best opinion holds that even after the allies have retired from China some sort of international control will be necessary. The differences so far among the representatives of the nations do not promise well for a joint arrangement, not to mention the fact that such a plan failed so badly even in little Samoa where the conditions were infinitely more favorable

A Record Year in China's Trade

In China the silver tael is the monetary unit, but its value varies in the different cities. For instance, at Chefoo, on July 1, 1900, according to the statement of the United States Bureau of Statistics, it was worth 67 8 cents, while at Haikwan it was worth 72.1 The Haikwan tael is that used in the official statistics

Last year the trade of China was the greatest the country has ever known. It was double that of 1890 and it was twenty five per cent greater than that of the year before, rising to 460,933,288 Haikwan taels.

"Merchants, both foreign and native," says the official report, "made handsome profits in almost every branch. The internal trade was unusually brisk, and the important changes which will be brought about by the extension of railways have already been proved. It is found that immediately trains began to run, districts through which there was comparatively little traffic suddenly commenced to hum with life and activity."

The report then proceeds to make a comparison between China and India. It says "The areas of the two Empires are almost identical and their products very similar But China has a larger, a more industrious and more intelligent population, while on the whole the country is probably more fertile and possesses greater mineral resources." Owing to the good roads and the good government which Great Britain has established in India, India's exports are worth three times the exports of China. The officials therefore argue that with railroads and modern methods China can not merely treble her present unprecedented figures, but can keep on developing them rapidly

The greatness of China's trade may mean larger conservatism in the present negotiations. For, after all, trade rules the world, and even diplomacy and the ambitions of nations must bow to it

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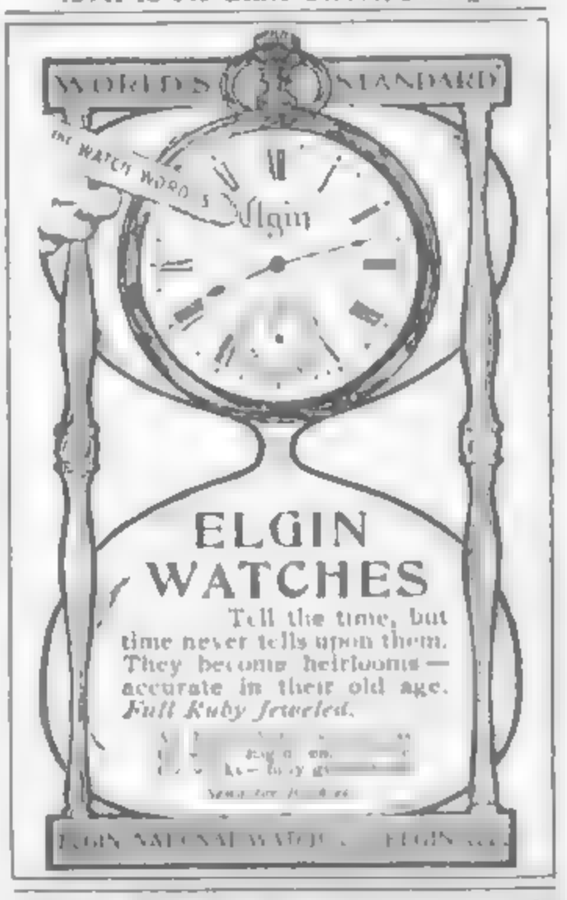

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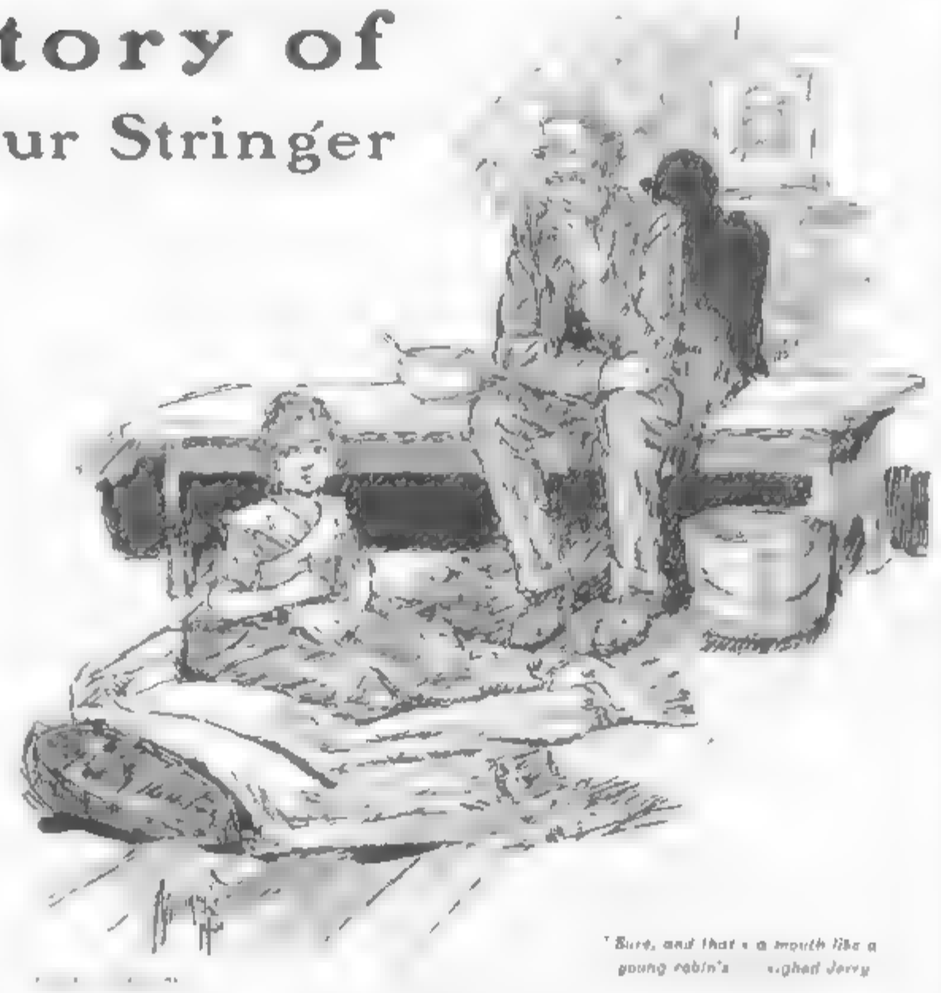
The Simple Story of Shivers—*By* Arthur Stringer



"Sure, and that's a mouth like a young robin's," sighed Jerry

AT FIRST sight it seemed for all the world like a well, it was so deep and dark. You had to look twice before discovering that it was really a stairway and led to a little door with a bit of white curtain tacked decently on the inside

At the top a rusty iron railing stood on either side of it to keep children and drunken men from tumbling in. As it lay on—or perhaps it would be better to say that it lay under—Spring Street, not three pretzel throws from the Bowery, the rusty old railing in its day must have saved many a tumble

In fact, it was such a gloomy and uninviting little hole in the ground that you would never have guessed it opened into the snuggest and coziest cellar on all the East Side! But that was what both Shivers and Jerry said of it, and they ought to have known for they had lived in it for years

They both laughed knowingly at the foolish old superstition that cellars were bad places to live in. That was a joke on all the rest of the world

Shivers said they were ever so much cozier, Jerry said they were cheaper

Shivers said there was never any one underneath to keep you awake at night. Jerry pointed out that you wouldn't have to jump from windows if the house caught fire

Shivers said it was always nicer to walk downstairs than to climb up, specially when you're carrying bundles. Jerry expatiated on the fact that you never had the hot sun glaring in your windows all day long. And that was true, oh, Jerry, sadly true! There was no sun

For the life of him Jerry could not have told you how long he had lived in the cellar, any more than he could have told you where he had lived or what he had been before he came there. This was because of an accident many years before. Jerry had fallen down an elevator shaft, and as a result of that fall some mysterious Hand had all but closed the door of memory. That, too, was the reason why he went with a slight limp, and was a little—but no, I have not the heart to say it of you, Jerry—you, with your great, kind old heart and your simple, honest life in the huge cauldron of humanity that bubbled and seethed about you! Ah, no, Jerry; no one could call you weak minded. It was simply that you were a bit old and original, with a child heartedness that sweetened all your old age, and a content that lighted up better than sunlight your modest little cellar

Yet before Shivers came Jerry had not been the man he was now. It was that wonderful little wisp of a girl who did it all. Once the cellar was just like any other East Side cellar, and into it night after night Jerry had crawled like a tired dog, for, as a "call boy" in the Manhattan Messenger Service Company, every day in the year Jerry had many and many a mile to cover. His bed had been for the most part a bundle of old newspapers, with two or three equally old canvas bags for blankets. Jerry looked upon these as luxuries, and his rent—four dollars every month, year in and year out—as enormous. But an old stove went along with the cellar, and on this Jerry was wont to keep a certain big black pot, in which he boiled vegetables and scraps of meat together, sometimes letting it stand over for days at a time, so that there were times when the taste of his dubiously compounded stews puzzled even Jerry himself

One rainy night when he came hobbling home to his cellar, and all but walked over a bundle of rags that lay at the bottom of the stairs, he picked it up and carried it in with him out of the wet

That bundle of rags was Shivers. Who Shivers was, or where she came from, or how she had got to his door Jerry had not the faintest idea. When he opened up the old gray shawl and discovered Shivers he shook his head, sighed, and shook his head again. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! And what in the world would *he* ever do with such a thing?

The "thing" in question was so chilled to the bone that it shook and wheezed and shivered so long that Jerry called it "Shivers." And in some way the name stuck

He lighted a fire and dried her out, and, feeling much like some old hen that had mothered a duckling, began feeding her the hot soup that was intended for his own supper

"Sure, and that's a mouth like a young robin's!" sighed Jerry

She refused to speak, ate ravenously and growled like a dog when spoken to. Jerry's heart sank with the soup in the old pot, and when the meal was over he sat her on his bench and looked her up and down in wonder. She was just a shred of a girl, a wisp of skin and bone wrapped up in an old gray shawl, and all eyes. And those were wonderful eyes—big and gray and burning, eyes that made you feel creepy and ill at ease when they looked at you too long They gazed hungrily up at Jerry and made him feel uncomfortable. He looked from the eyes to the empty pot, and from the empty pot back again at the eyes

Then a thought struck him—a poor, puny, pitiable thought—and he put on his cap and wrapped Shivers up in the shawl again and sneaked out shamefacedly with her into the rain. He had remembered the Foundling Asylum, and how an empty cradle had ever stood at the door of that great building, and all you had to do was to drop the child in the cradle and ring the Asylum bell, and then make off as fast as mortal shame could carry you—as many a young mother knows only too well. But since Jerry had last been in that neighborhood the Asylum authorities had thought it best to move the cradle inside the building, so when Jerry thought he was about to shuffle off Shivers so comfortably he found the cradle gone, and beheld himself without the heart to hand her over officially So home again through the wet he hobbled with her. And the strangest part of it all was that he felt vaguely happy in doing it, and thereafter said nothing about going to bed without his supper

That was the turning point in the life of both Jerry and Shivers. Where the child came from was a nine-days' wonder on Spring Street. The old tailor who worked and lived above one half of Jerry's cellar had his suspicions that her first home had been in a house in the next block, where the shutters were always closed and strange things took place. The Italian tobacco man, who made cigars and lived in the other half of the shop, had every reason to believe that she was the daughter of the French girl who once made cotton violets for a hat factory, and had starved to death a few doors up the street. As for Jerry himself, he neither knew nor cared. The one thing he worried over was how to get enough to feed two hungry mouths, for never before in all his life had he seen such an appetite as Shivers', and often when he watched her making away with enough to last him a week, he looked down at her lengthening bones and sighed. How old she was then it was impossible to guess. She might have been four and she might have been seven, yet she could not talk except in a language of her own, with very funny little names for the simple things around her

Yet when Shivers had made herself comfortably at home—and she always had the habit of doing that—and began to learn, she devoured knowledge as she devoured food

There had always been something mysteriously feline about Shivers. When she had learned to mount the stairs and had explored the Spring Street neighborhood, she took by instinct to making predatory excursions from the cellar, each time returning with some doubtful treasure, either a piece of wood or coal, or perhaps an old boot. When she was tired she could curl up, catlike, in the nearest sunny doorway or corner and sleep as warm and comfortable as you please.

As time went on Shivers' hunting ground grew more extended day by day, and as a picker-up of unconsidered trifles she grew more and more successful. She went about the East Side like a hawk, seizing with her little talonlike fingers anything that might be of value. She made friends with the push-cart men and learned where overripe fruit was to be had for the carrying away. She discovered where the market hucksters stripped the outside leaves off their cabbage-heads and left them lying in the gutter Sorra a fire took place or a building went up but Shivers was there to get her share of the loot. Legitimate loot, mind you, for she would have eaten her hand off before she would have stolen. She soon learned where to find boxes, large and small, down among the wholesale houses, where, as every one knew, they were put out on the curb to be carried away. How she ever got these to the cellar always seemed a miracle to Jerry, but once there they were converted, by a few deft touches, into the most beautiful pieces of furniture. And when necessary she could fight like a cat for a piece of board. In fact one night Jerry came home and found Shivers sitting tired but triumphant on a pile of boards and lath that reached almost to the ceiling of the little cellar. A near by tenement house had been torn down, and Shivers had made hay while the sun shone

Jerry could not help thinking of the winter nights when he had crept out of the cellar and hobbled over to the windows of the power house on the corner of Houston and Broadway, where the heat came up from the huge furnaces like the glow of a gigantic grate fire. Here he used to stand at the barred windows, warming his back and then toasting his front. But with the advent of Shivers, bless you, they always had more firewood than they knew what to do with. One day she even bartered an armful of kindling for an old frying pan, and thereafter there was a delicious change from the eternal stews which Jerry had once so affected. She also made friends with the commission houses over by the North River, where there was always plenty of fruit and vegetables to be had. How people came to starve in New York Shivers could never understand

But Jerry had *such* a big appetite, often said Shivers with a sigh, not forgetting, however, the times he had cheated his own stomach for her sake. She taught Jerry to stop at the head of the stairs, when coming home, and sniff. Then he had to guess by the smell what they were going to have for supper, then poke his head in at the door and call out his guess. And Shivers would dance up and down with joy when he was all wrong, which he nearly always was, on purpose, just for the sake of seeing her dance—She always went up and down when she was happy; in some way or other she couldn't help it. What made her go up and down the most were her little "surprises," which she thought great jokes on Jerry. She was forever having some little slice of bacon hidden

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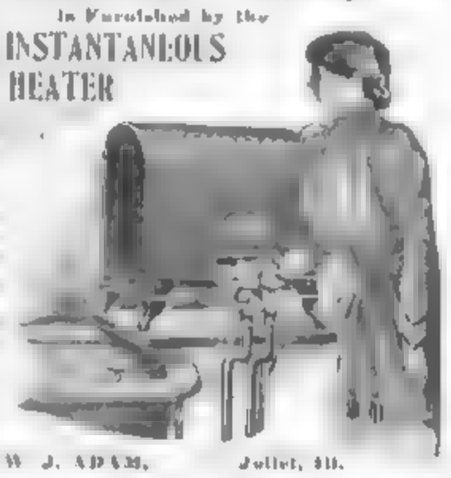

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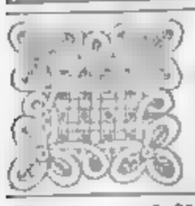

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under his potato, or an apple behind the teapot, or a slice of early watermelon under his plate, for you must bear in mind that watermelons are eaten on Hester and Spring Street long before they are served on Fifth Avenue. In fact, Jerry and Shivers lived together in grand style, and had a white curtain on the door and one on the window. In some mysterious but obviously honest manner they also came into possession of bits of old furniture and dishware from time to time, till shelves had to be put up on the walls to hold the cups and saucers.

And oh the meals off those new dishes, how delightful they were! There had been times when Shivers had said she wished she didn't have a stomach at all, but when you had had enough to eat the after-dinner feeling was *so* nice, especially after waiting three hours for Jerry, as sometimes happened. What could be more delicious than pot pie, with two or three potatoes in it, and a beef bone and cabbage, and perhaps an onion or turnip? What *could* taste nicer, especially, said Shivers, when you know the beef bone didn't cost you anything, and you got the cabbage and onion for nothing.

A great deal about eating and things to eat, indeed! But 'tis such things that make up the sorrows and joys, the comedies and tragedies, of old and young in an East Side slum.

It was about this time—and how it happened Jerry never really knew—that the little wisp of a girl seemed to become a woman. She was still tiny and still young, and she still went about in her old gray shawl, but she formed a habit of wrinkling up her forehead, which gave her a very serious appearance indeed. She spoke with a lisp in her shrill little voice, and had picked up the *patois* of the East Side, but still, as any one with half an eye could see, she was a woman, with the shrewdest of minds and the most old-fashioned way about her, and a passion for driving the fiercest of bargains. It is strange, but there were times when she, like Jerry, hobbled a little. There seemed to be something wrong with one of her knees at times, as she herself said, "it got the creaks."

There was only one thing that ever disturbed and discomforted Jerry, and that was Shivers' ever growing mania for cleanliness. A madness for washing and scrubbing grew up in her, and though everything was always bright and shining, the pennies' worth of soap Shivers wasted made Jerry's heart ache. She scrubbed and scrubbed until he was afraid she would wear the floor away, finding another reason for congratulating himself on living in a cellar in case they fell through.

Then Shivers, who was always making friends, formed two notable acquaintances. One was with the old German apothecary on the corner. He had a habit of beaming gently over his glasses at all little girls, and every child who went into his shop suffered temporarily from a cough, for that always meant two or three lemon drops or a small piece of licorice. Although Shivers scorned such subterfuge, she had become his favorite, and made regular calls on him, and ran errands for him and got licorice and lemon drops to her heart's content. But these she always saved till Jerry came home, and "divvied" with him, for Jerry, I must admit, had a weakness for sweets.

The second acquaintance she had made was with the tailor's wife who lived above. Here she learned many of her housewifely habits, such as cooking and sewing and making her own clothes. She showed such aptitude with the needle that, quite unbeknown to Jerry, she took up plain sewing herself, though the light in the cellar was not very good and the sewing was very, very hard to get. She excelled in mending, and found that this paid her best, though she never knew that her most profitable customer, a young man who owned a typewriter and wrote things on it, deliberately started the seams in his own clothes so that Shivers, with her great, soft, gray eyes, might climb his stairs and inquire in her motherly way as to the condition of his wardrobe—which was always ailing—and raise her eyebrows significantly at the dust on his furniture, and perhaps sit down and gossip for a few minutes. This young man, Shivers knew, was not wealthy, but he always paid regularly. He also played the flute, and sometimes performed for Shivers, which was very nice, and for a while almost made her think that she might like to marry him.

Oh Shivers, Shivers! Busy little woman of the world that you pretended to be, why were your great gray eyes so unnecessarily soft when you sat in that poor young man's room, till any day he would gladly have stolen you away from Jerry? After all, Shivers, you were only a woman, weren't you?

The second Great Divide in Shivers' life was the day she started to learn her letters. She did this with the tailor's wife, the tuition being given in compensation for the tactful tending of an extraordinarily obstreperous baby. At nights she taught Jerry all she had learned, or tried to teach him all, for Jerry was just a little bit slow at learning, and crawled where Shivers flew. She often feigned ignorance and pretended to stand even with him, but at last he had to give up the unequal race. He carried home old papers and catalogues and magazines for Shivers, however, weeping with silent joy when she one night sat down and read a paper to him, just like a man who had been to the night school for six whole months!

So there Shivers and Jerry lived together like two ground-birds, happy as the day was long. 'Tis true, they had gone through dark days together, but of late Shivers had begun to lay aside a few pennies, and had so

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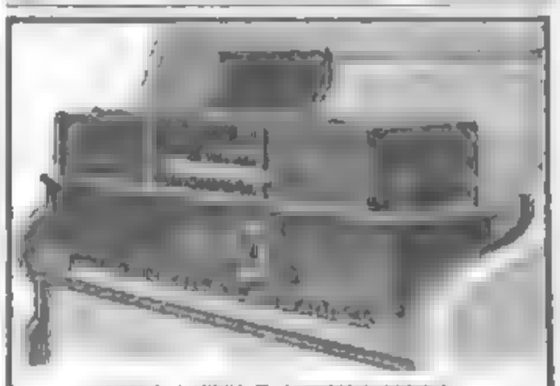

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accumulated furniture and dishes that Jerry had to be careful how he hobbled about the cellar

Yes, they were happy; too happy, in fact, for one night Jerry came home with a long face and said it was all up. That was just like Jerry. He threw up the sponge the first thing which caused Shivers to walk up and down and lecture him

But even Shivers' heart sank when Jerry told her the state of affairs. An order had been posted up by the Manhattan Messenger Service Company to the effect that thereafter no old men were to be employed as messengers in the said company.

Against the injustice of this Shivers held forth indignantly. She knew it was true that Jerry went with a hobble, but when did *he* ever stop to play craps or to read a dime novel? Who ever saw *him* smoking cigarettes in Shinbone Alley, or stopping to play cat on Cherry Street? Only once in all his life had he failed to do his errand, and that was when a lumber king's wife from Saginaw, Michigan, sent down from the Holland House for a uniformed escort to take her to the theatre. When Jerry appeared before her she curtly sent him back with the message that she did not care to pose as a chaperon for an old man's home. And could they blame poor old Jerry for that?

But all Shivers' eloquence could not keep him from handing in his uniform. She paced restlessly up and down, like a caged animal, which was a sign she was thinking hard.

Suddenly she stopped in front of him, and looked him up and down from tip to toe, as one might look at a man one had never seen before

"It's dead easy!" she said quietly.

"How?" asked Jerry weakly.

"I'll go," said Shivers

Jerry sighed. "With those eyes, Shivers?"

"Dey'd never get on to it," said Shivers, "an' a few tucks in yer offus rags 'll fix de uniform."

It was out of the question. She was too well known. When you once saw Shivers you never forgot her.

She thought once more, and this time she solved the problem.

"Here's de whole t'ing," she pointed off on her finger tips. "De comp ny doesn't want any ol' geezers. Jerry, I guess youse is an ol' geezer. But youse has to stay wid de comp'ny. Well, de on'y t'ing to do is to make youse young again, an' dat's what we'll do!"

"How'll you do it, Shivers?" asked Jerry hopelessly

"Dead easy!" said Shivers

But it was not such an easy task for all of Shivers' cheerfulness. First she made him shave off the sparse little fringe of sandy gray whiskers about his wrinkled chin. Then she showed him how to brush his hair up over the bald spot on the top of his head. Then she bought him a turnover collar and a gay little pink bow. She made *him* put them on, and viewed the result with a sigh of disappointment

"'Twon't do, Jerry. If youse could on'y iron all dose little wrinkles offen yer sweet old plug, Jerry, an'—oh, I know what it is!"

Jerry demurred. Shivers insisted. As usual, Jerry gave in. She slipped on her gray shawl and in a wink was off to her friend the apothecary.

She came back with a smiling face and a bottle of chestnut brown hair dye, also three lemon drops for Jerry

"Jes' yer color, Jerry!" Shivers insisted

She herself attended to the task of changing the hue of Jerry's scant hair

Then again she stood him up in front of the light, and again she sighed with disappointment. She noticed for the first time in her life how old and wrinkled he really was and how he stooped; she made him unbend his poor back till he said he could feel it crack. But still she shook her head with disappointment. It was a very blind man who would ever have taken Jerry for a boy of anything less than forty-five summers.

Then a thought struck Shivers. She rushed off for a needle and thread and made a good generous hem in the bottom of his trouser legs.

"High waters, dat's right," she said approvingly. The hem made things much better, but it was all causing Jerry to look very miserable. So Shivers tried the messenger's cap just a little on one side of Jerry's head, careless and jauntylike.

That was a decided improvement. Still, it was not altogether satisfactory and did not meet with Shivers' approval.

"Whistle, Jerry—whistle as dough youse was young an' spry!"

Jerry whistled dolefully. It is wonderful what a little bit of whistling can do!

"Faster," cried Shivers, dancing with delight

Jerry whistled for all he was worth.

"Dat's all right, Jerry, but youse *must* look more cheerful. Der's nothin' like bein' cheerful lookin', is there, Jerry?"

Jerry screwed his face up into what he considered an expression of intense cheerfulness Shivers, standing with her head critically on one side, came closer and adjusted his pink tie, pulled down his vest, and for a finishing touch broke off a bit of her pet geranium plant and stuck it in his buttonhole.

Then she backed off and once more viewed the general effect. She clapped her hands with delight, for there stood the abashed but dutiful Jerry, with a full thirty years clipped off his calendar. You would never have known him, vowed Shivers. But Shivers, I fear, was an indulgent critic.

Now all youse mus' do, Jerry, w'en de manager passes de new men, is to kind o' keep up dat cheery look an' dat whistle an' stan' up straight an' keep de bald spot covered. If youse can jus' act spry enough w'en de main guy's aroun', he'll be askin' youse if you re a sixteen-year-ol' an' if youse ever learnt to smoke cigarettes!"

Jerry shook with mirth at this, though Shivers wouldn't have laughed for worlds. She looked him over once more carefully, and while gazing at him from the other side of the table, on which stood the light, suddenly stopped short and began to cry. Just why she did this she could not tell, but she said she guessed it must have been because he was so different from her old Jerry, the Jerry she had known and loved so long.

The manager of the Manhattan Messenger Service Company was one of those old young men as common as cobblestones in New York, who work too hard, smoke too often worry too much and die too young. To Jerry, who had in the past caught frequent glimpses of him, he was a great being who was always in a hurry, and spent his time writing his name on papers and calling orders through speaking tubes and talking excitedly through telephones. When he wasn't saying things through speaking tubes and talking over telephones he was smoking big cigars and dictating letters to a young lady who wore violets and eye-glasses, all of which seemed very wonderful to Jerry. And when he wasn't smoking a big cigar, Jerry had noticed, he was cross.

Sure, and they make a man feel young, these glad rags do!" declared Jerry as Shivers gave him a good by pat on the corner and started him off for the office. They had made a bargain that he was not to come back till after office hours, whatever his fate. He essayed a short-lived "hippity-hop," just to show Shivers he could do it if he wanted to. And for some unknown reason Shivers walked home with tears in her eyes, a remarkably strange thing for the imperturbable Shivers, who was a stoic of the stoics

The general manager came in with his big cigar that eventful morning, so Jerry picked up heart at once. The boys in the waiting room had enjoyed an hour of cruel sport with Jerry—for such is the law of lusty youth—and their witticisms and jibes and [illegible] could not have been called the most delicate. But since his rejuvenescence Jerry made it a rule to smile and whistle in the merriest fashion, so it was simply like pouring water on a duck's back. Not for one moment could they shake that earnest, fixed smile off his genial old face. It was there for business purposes.

The eagle eye of the general manager swept down the line of waiting boys. Jerry felt that eye scorching him like an August sun. He did not have the courage to whistle, as he had intended, but found spunk enough to hum instead

When it came to Jerry the eye of the general manager stopped. A titter of laughter swept down the line of boys. Jerry heard it, felt the eye on him, and blushed scarlet.

"Old Jerry's sparring for a steady," snickered the Stock Exchange Speci

"Dat tie won't do a t'ing to de Eyetalian widow!" suggested a young Elizabeth Street gentleman of eleven years.

The general manager bit his lip and turned on his heel

"Send Eleven Nought Seven to my office," said he to the district manager who stood at his side. It was as Eleven Nought Seven that Jerry, when on duty, was known to the world

The general manager did not open his desk when he went into his own office, but walked up and down and waited for Eleven Nought Seven. He was not smiling—that was bad

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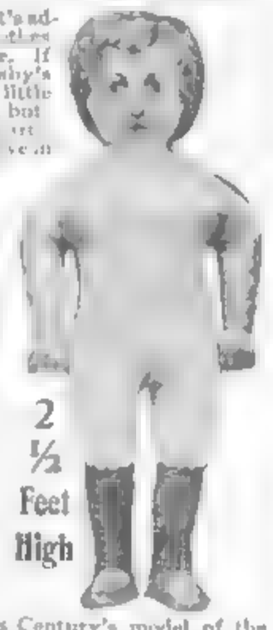

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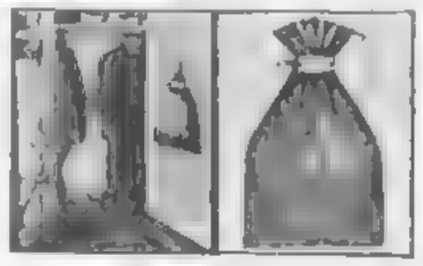

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policy during business hours—but he was thinking his own thoughts and there was a quiet twinkle in the corner of his worn, tired-looking eyes.

The door opened and Jerry was ushered in, his cap in his hand. He had forgotten to hold back his shoulders, the geranium had fallen from his buttonhole and even humming was far beyond him.

The general manager looked at him sternly; he had a habit of speaking of sentimentality as "guff."

Jerry quailed and wished that he had Shivers along with him. Shivers always had a way of wriggling out of everything.

The general manager gave Eleven Nought Seven a chair. Jerry took it as though it were a bomb, and sat down on it nervously.

"Eleven Nought Seven, are you twenty-one years old yet?"

Eleven Nought Seven wasn't sure, but he thought he guessed he might be twenty-one or a little over. In fact, he stammered, he was sure he *was* twenty-one.

"Then that ends the matter," said the general manager calmly, turning to the window and gazing for a moment at the shipping down on the busy Hudson. "According to the new instructions it's impossible for you to be a messenger boy in this service."

Jerry, in his misery, pulled down the fringe of saving hair Shivers had so carefully brushed up over the bald spot. The woebegone face that was turned up at the general manager was like the face of a septuagenarian.

"What's your name?" asked the man at the window.

"Jerry," said the messenger boy in the chair. The man at the window turned to the river again.

"Well, I want a doorkeeper, Jerry, a doorkeeper for my own office here. I guess you'll do. It'll be eight dollars a week for the rest of the year, with a dollar raise every year after."

Then the general manager slammed open his desk with the severest and sternest of slams, and wondered, with the alarm of the man of business, if Jerry had found him out.

All that day Shivers was not able to do one stroke of work. She could not even eat, which showed just how upset she was. So in her unrest she went exploring. As she had done many a time before, she went to a certain Front Street saloon, where she tried to lose her sense of anxiety in contemplating the wonderful full-rigged schooner that stood in the window. It was a beautiful four-masted vessel, painted red and blue, with every yard rigged and every cord taut, and it sailed through an emerald sea of what looked like Paris green. The wonder of this vessel lay in the fact that it stood in a small-sized gin bottle, just big enough to hold the ship. For days and weeks Shivers had worried as to just how that ship had got in the bottle. How *did* it get in? It could never have gone in through the mouth. It could never have been put together and rigged up inside. The bottle itself could never have been opened up, for there it lay transparently intact. How did it get in? How, indeed? There was the mystery, and that was as far as Shivers ever got.

So once more she gave it up as a miracle, as men do with more than ships and gin bottles, and followed a hurdy-gurdy all the way up to Washington Square.

On his way home that night Jerry bought four oranges and six fried cakes from Mrs. O'Gorman, a bosom friend of Shivers, with an arm like a round of beef—strict injunctions being left that Shivers was not to be told on any account.

When he tiptoed down the stairs Shivers was not there. It was the first time for many a day, but he could afford to wait. He decided to light the fire in the old stove, which now glistened under a liberal coat of stove-polish, and tried his hand at setting the table.

The general effect did not suit him—so elastic are one's ideas of luxury—so he reached in behind the clock and took two shining quarters from his little pile of savings. He saw that the coast was clear and, slipping out, slyly purchased a dressed pullet. Fifteen minutes later the smell of chicken stew was filling the little cellar. Chicken stew!—could you imagine anything more savory and delicious?

Shivers did not dare to come back until evening, for if there was anything she hated it was suspense. As she turned from Mulberry into Spring Street her heart was thumping with a dreadful fear. Still, there was just the ghost of a chance. Even though he didn't get it, what did it matter? She could work. There were a dozen things she could do, and they might manage to worry along some way.

When Shivers came to the iron railing at the head of the stairs she stopped short. There was no fooling Shivers' nose. She smelt something and the next moment she knew what it was as well as though her own hand had dropped that chicken in the pot. She gave a little shriek of delight, flew pell-mell down the stairs and had her arms about Jerry before he could get a cover on the pot. Then she drew back suddenly, for she saw that the last shred of his disguise had been lost.

"Youse didn't get it?" she wailed.

Jerry shook his head. Jerry, Jerry, you always were a rogue!

"De main guy found youse out?" groaned the girl.

Jerry nodded, teasingly.

Then Shivers sniffed, and pointed sternly at the chicken stew. It could go no further. Jerry had to tell. If he had not told he would have exploded on the spot.

If they hugged each other and wept and held hands that night, who can blame them? The old cellar had never seen such goings-on before. And with tears of joy streaming from her great gray eyes Shivers said that they would always live together as happy as happy could be.

And there, I know, they live to-day, God bless their simple hearts, as happy as ever, if not at times a tiny bit happier!

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Mooswa of the Boundaries

(Continued from Page 11)

another, it came back to him—they glared from the forest like avenging spirit-eyes as he toiled to leave that Wolf-call behind.

The hut was still many miles away, for he had traveled far in the fullness of his strength.

"I got me one c'ance," he muttered hoarsely. "S'pose I get too weak make fire, I dead, soor." A big birch, in its heavy frieze-coat of white cloth, seemed to whisper, "Just one chance!"

Eagerly François tore its resin-oiled blanket from the tree, took a match from his fire bag, snapped the sulphur end with his thumb-nail, for his clothes were saturated with fear-damp perspiration, and lighted the quick-blazing birch. A clump of dead red-willows furnished more eager tinder. How his sinewy arms wrenched them from their rotted roots! High he piled the defense beacon; the blaze shot up and lighted the ghost forms of silent trees.

Gray shadows circled the outer rim of blazing light—the Wolves were forming a living stockade about him. Blue Wolf placed the sentinels strategically. "Not too close, silly pups," he called warningly to two yearling grandsons; "the fire stick will scorch your sprouting mustaches if you poke your noses within reach. Remember, comrades," he said to the older Wolves, "there is no kill—only the Blood-fear for this Man."

The sparks fluttered waveringly skyward, like fireflies at play; the willows snapped and crackled like ice on a river when the water is falling. When the light blazed high the Wolves slunk back; when there was only a huge red glow of embers they closed in again.

All night François toiled, never letting the rifle from his grasp. With one hand and his strong moccasined feet he crushed the dry, brittle, red-willows and threw them on his life-guarding fire. No sleeping; a short-paced beat around and around the safety-light, and almost incessantly on his trembling lips a crude, pleading prayer.

"Look at his face, brothers," growled Blue Wolf. "Now thou hast seen the Man-fear. Is it not more terrible than the death look in the eyes of Buck? It is not well to kill Man, is it, comrades?"

"No!" they admitted surlily, for they were hungry.

"Come," said Rof, when the bitter cold of the dawn hour—colder than any of the others—warned them that the light was on its way; "trot we back on Mooswa's trail, and if the Man continues to his burrow, then go we our path. But only for the promise to Mooswa, the Hunt-man would have made a good meal for us, brothers."

"What are promises in the Hunger Year—the Seventh Year of the Wapoos?" cried a gaunt companion, stopping. "Let us go back and——"

Blue Wolf turned in a passion. "First we fight!" he yelped, baring his huge fangs. "I, who am leader here, and am also in the Council of the Boundaries, say the Man goes unharmed."

The other dropped his bushy tail, moved sidewise a few paces, and sat down meekly, swaying his head furtively from side to side, avoiding the battle-look in Blue Wolf's eyes.

"De prayer turned back dat Wolves, soor," muttered the Breed, as, hurrying on, he reiterated his generous offering to the mission. It was noon when he swung into the little log hut with something in his face which was not there before—something new that had come in one night. He did not want to talk about it; even to cease thinking of it would be better; besides, what was the use of frightening the Boy.

"I no get dat Moose," he said curtly as he pulled off his wet moccasins, cut some tobacco, mixed it with the red-willow kinnikinic, filled his pipe, and, lying down in front of the fireplace, smoked moodily.

"Never mind, François," cried the Boy; "you'll get another chance at him before winter's over. Come and eat; you must be hungry—the hot tea will make you forget."

"I s'pose somebody put bad medicine for me," grumbled the Breed in a depressed monotone; "mus' be de ole Nokum at Lac La Biche. S'e's mad for me, but I don't do not'ing bad for her." But still, nothing of his terrible experience with the Wolves. Why speak of it? Perhaps next day they would be fifty miles away. After François had rested he said: "I mus' go see dat trap for de Silver Fox; I t'ink me I catc' him dis time."

"Don't go out again to-day; you're too tired," pleaded Rod.

"Mus' go," replied the other. "S'pose dat Fox in de trap, dat debil Carcajou, or de Lynk, or some odder animal eat him; dere's no Rabbit now, an' dey's all starve."

"I'll go with you, then."

When they came to the trap, François stared in amazement. It had been sprung. The Breed examined the snow carefully. "Jus' what I t'ink me. He's been catc', an' dat Lynk eat him all up. Only one foot lef'! See!" And he held up the amputated black paw. "Here's de big trail of de Lynk, too."

Dejectedly they went back to the shack. "Now I know it's de bad medicine," asserted François. "De debil come in dat Moose for lead me away, an' I lose de Silver Fox what wort' two, t'ree hun'red dollar. I t'ink me we pull out from dis s'ack," he said; "give up de Marten road an' move down to my ol' place at Hay Ribber. Before, I keel plenty fur dere; here I get me not'ing, only plenty bad medicine."

The eighth of these stories will appear next week.

The Confessions of a Conjurer

(Continued from Page 7)

man's hands. Only one of these extra coins came out, the other four getting wedged. My escape from the dilemma consisted in quickly palming four of the coins he had already counted on to the plate, and then excitedly accusing him of having purloined them, I took them, one at a time, from his mustache, much to the delight of the audience, who thought it all a part of the trick.

Odd Failure of Skull Trick

It is not always so easy, however, as the following will show. Once, when taking part in an entertainment before several hundred yachtsmen, I had prepared a new trick consisting of the materialization of a skull. The trick itself was preceded by quite an elaborate story of the finding of the skull, which made the final failure of the illusion all the more ridiculous. The audience were informed seriously that in the mountains of India there existed a tribe of original natives known as Sirpatru Bhils, among whom, for thousands of years, had lived the most noted of the Hindu adepts. These necromancers lived in caves, and by their peculiar rites and incantations prolonged their existence for hundreds of years. Their skulls were guarded with religious devotion by the Sirpatru Bhils, and it was as much as a foreigner's life was worth to get one of them. We were supposed to have obtained one of these skulls after a thrilling adventure with the natives. This particular skull was inhabited by the spirit of an especially noted adept named Ghoolah Shah, who had lived for nine hundred and eighty years, and therefore came very near living forever. This skull had the remarkable habit of appearing and disappearing at will. The materialization, however, would not take place in the plain gaze of the unbelieving, but could be consummated in the open air behind a suspended handkerchief. I expected to take a large handkerchief from my pocket, show it to be quite empty, and, without preparation, and holding it at arm's length, produce the skull from behind it.

In order to make plain what really followed it will be necessary to explain that the skull, which actually came from a medical college, was suspended on a heavy black thread attached to a button under my coat collar at the back, the skull hanging just inside of my coat tails. There was also attached to the skull a second thread, the loose end of which was a loop attached lightly to the front of my coat. By catching this loop with the thumb when finally holding out the handkerchief, the skull would be pulled out from between the coat tails and raised to a point immediately behind the centre of the handkerchief, from where it could be brought forth completely materialized. Repeated rehearsals had demonstrated the whole illusion to be quite perfect.

The dénouement was sensational, but not in the way desired. When the movement, as described above, was executed, the front thread broke, but not until it had jerked the skull from between my coat tails, and left it swinging to and fro, pendulum fashion.

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Nutritious Value of Foods

Recent experiments of the Department of Agriculture show that fruits in general contain remarkably little stuff that is convertible, when eaten, into muscle and blood. Bananas and grapes have 2 per cent., while apples, cherries, strawberries, blackberries, cranberries, lemons and oranges are able to lay claim to only 1 per cent.—this, too, when skins and seeds are put aside. On this account, such articles of diet are obviously ill adapted to sustain human life for any length of time, though they possess great medicinal value and contribute much to health.

Fruits are, however, relatively rich in sugar and starch, and hence are useful as fuel to keep the body machine going. Bananas have 27 per cent. of these materials, grapes 21 per cent., apples 16 per cent., cherries and cranberries 11 per cent., oranges 9 per cent., lemons 8 per cent., and strawberries 7 per cent. In this case, as before, only the edible portions are considered. Blackberries and grapes have 2 per cent. of fat, and the other fruits mentioned contain 1 per cent. Watermelon pulp is 92 per cent. water.

Among vegetables, Lima beans have the highest food value, containing 32 per cent. of nutrients. Sweet potatoes come next, with 29 per cent., green peas next with 22 per cent., white potatoes next with 21 per cent., and string beans next with 13 per cent. Green sweet corn has 19 per cent. of nutrients, beets 12 per cent., turnips 11 per cent., cabbage, cauliflower and spinach 8 per cent., turnips, eggplant and lettuce 7 per cent., tomatoes and asparagus 6 per cent., and cucumbers 4 per cent. Dry beans or rice are about the most economical foods one can buy, containing as they do 88 per cent. of solid nutriment.

Fish has very high food value, in fact, is very nearly as nutritious as chicken or turkey. A pound of eggs, on the other hand, yields only half as much nourishment as a pound of lean beef, notwithstanding a well-known popular theory.

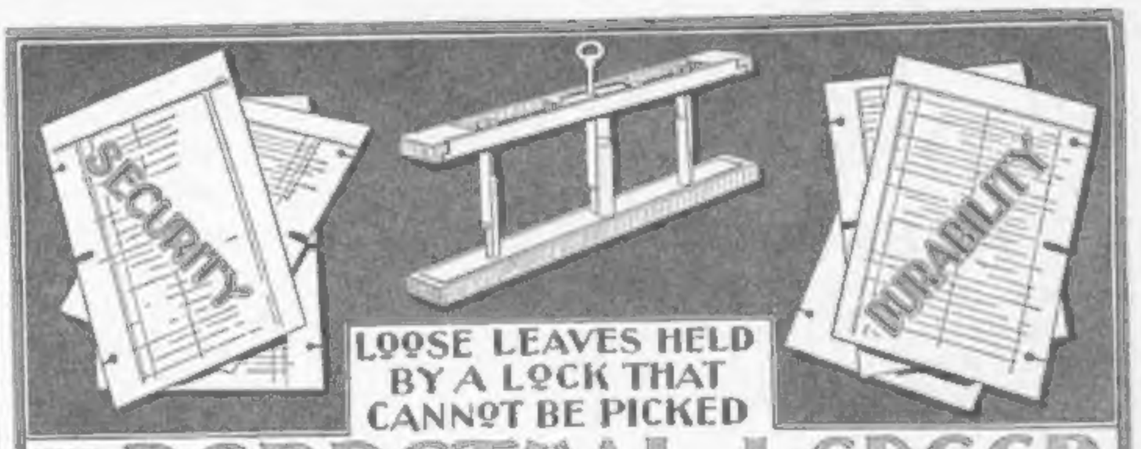
The Scourge of the Rice Bird

Government ornithologists are trying to discover some method by which the ravages of the rice birds in the South may be lessened, the trouble having increased to such a point that the feathered mischiefs are looked upon by planters in that part of the country as worse than a plague of locusts. They seem to be growing in numbers from year to year, and it is estimated that they cause an annual loss of at least two million dollars to the rice growers. The latter are obliged to maintain corps of men and boys, who patrol the fields from morning to night, firing guns or cracking whips to frighten the little pests away from the ripening crop. In this way one planter uses up twenty-five hundred pounds of gunpowder in a season.

The rice bird is well known and highly respected in more northern latitudes as the bobolink, famous for its tuneful song. It breeds, under the name of bobolink, in the British provinces and the most northerly parts of the United States. But its winter home is Brazil, and while migrating it makes itself familiar along the coast of the Middle States as the reed bird, much prized by epicures. Lingering for a while to feed upon the wild rice of the Delaware and Chesapeake, it attacks later on the cultivated rice fields of the South, where it transforms itself into a ruinous scourge.

Coming northward in late April, by way of Florida, the birds enter the United States just as the rice is starting in the fields, and at once begin to pull up and feed upon the young kernels. Their stay is short at this time, the great damage being done when, on their return journey, they assail the growing grain. The first of them arrive about the middle of August, and from that time until the last of them depart for South America, nearly two months later, there is no rest for the unfortunate planter. They swarm upon the fields by millions, and when frightened from one place they at once settle at another a short distance away.

So destructive are the attacks that it is necessary to plant the rice at such a time in spring that it shall be under water when the birds arrive. It is customary to plant another lot when the pests have passed on to the North.



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The Muse of Battle

By Agnes Repplier

IT IS natural and desirable that a nation should expand with patriotic sentiment in war-time, and the working up of this sentiment to its proper pitch is the office of those whose tongues can be heard above the din. The less cause there is for expansion the louder must they shout, trusting to the contagiousness of enthusiasm.

In England it is certain that Mr. Kipling's masterly lead has inspired a host of followers, so that there has sprung up suddenly—as from the Dragon's teeth—a school of bellicose poets, who, if they do not fight to the death like the old Dragon brood, keep calling on their fellow-creatures to do so. The Quarterly Review, taking note of these clamorous singers, is disposed to regret both the loudness of their song and the thinness of their inspiration; but such things are in perfect accord with one another. Great events, heroic battles sing themselves into the history of the world. It is the insignificant which requires careful chronicling and commemoration.

So while the London music-hall rings with warlike ditties, London publishers are busily printing volumes of ensanguined verse—For England's Sake, by Mr. Henley; Writ in Barracks, by Mr. Edgar Wallace; In the Waiting-time of War, by Mr. Aubrey Mildmay, and many others of similar titles and taste. Perhaps of all these effusions the music-hall song is the most honest and direct. It makes no pretense to anything but sentiment, and it fits this sentiment with dexterity to the humor and intelligence of its audience. Good-by, Daddy, and What Do You Think of the Irish Now? convey their meanings plainly and make no grandiose assertions. The Boys that Mind the Shop is simplicity itself.

"For he'll take a bit of beating—will the London Volunteer,
He don't deserve a sneer,
So who'll begrudge a cheer?
And it's bull's-eye from the marker where he less the bullets drop,
They're the smartest lads in London—are the Boys that Mind the Shop."

One does not quarrel with this sort of thing. It is inevitable, and affords innocent recreation. But Mr. Henley, who is the heir of all the ages, cannot be so lightly pardoned for "swelling visibly" over the unheroic; still less for growing sanctimonious where sanctimony is so curiously out of place. It is the pleasant privilege common to all disputants to believe that they wield the sword of the Lord, and that His blessing rests on the slaughter they do rather than on the slaughter done upon them.

"Ten thousand Frenchmen gone below,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

is still the theology of battle. In Mr. Henley's mind this comfortable assurance casts no shadow of doubt.

"We are the Choice of the Will; God, when He gave us the word
That called us into line, set at our hand a sword;
Set us a sword to wield, none else could lift and draw,
And bade us forth to the sound of the trumpet of the Law."

This is being very much "at home in Zion." Those of us who have heard similar doctrines preached lucidly from French, German, English, Spanish and American pulpits confess to a complication; but to Mr. Henley's way of thinking all is simplicity itself. Even Mr. Kipling's robust assurance must be staggered by the height to which his imitators have climbed—imitators who have sedulously forgotten the things he bade them remember. It is with something akin to relief that we turn from this blare of trumpets to the Ballads of Battle by Mr. John Sandes, of Melbourne, and find the Australian, while unflinchingly patriotic, endeavoring to exalt Mr. Kruger into the hero of a lost cause. These are the sentiments he imputes to that very sagacious and practical gentleman:

"Lay my rifle here beside me, set my Bible on my breast,
For a moment let the warning bugle cease;
As the century is closing I am going to my rest,
Lord, lettest thou thy servant go in peace.
But loud through all the bugles rings a cadence in mine ear,
And on the winds my hopes of peace are strowed;
Those winds that waft the voices that already I can hear
Of the rooi baatjes singing on the road."

This is pleasant verse, and it is not Mr. Sandes' fault that Oom Paul, instead of passing, Bible on breast, to sleep, is actively employed in exporting all the gold he can lay his hands on. The worst of contemporary heroes is their reluctance to live up to the truly heroic. Best stick to King Arthur and Roland.

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